The Light of Asia

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

WITH NOTES BY MRS I. L. HAUSER.

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THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

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THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

BEING

THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF GÔTAMA,

PRINCE OF INDIA AND FOUNDER OF BÛDDHISM.

BY

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD,

M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

WITH FULL AND COMPLETE EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY

MRS. I. L. HAUSER,

AUTHOR OF "THE ORIENT AND ITS PEOPLE."

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THIS VOLUME

IS DUTIFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE

SOVEREIGN GRAND MASTER AND COMPANIONS

OF THE

MOST EXALTED ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IN THE following Poem I have sought, by the medium of an imaginary Bûddhist votary, to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gôtama of India, the founder of Bûddhism.

A generation ago, little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gôtama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepâl and Ceylon, over the whole Eastern Peninsula, to China, Japan, Tibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent Empire of Belief; for, though the profession of Bûddhism has, for the most part, passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gôtama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brâhminism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindûs are clearly due to the benign influence of Bûddha's precepts. More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious

ideas to this illustrious Prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, can not but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of Thought. Discordant in frequent particulars, and sorely overlaid by corruptions, inventions, and misconceptions, the Bûddhistical books yet agree in the one point of recording nothing—no single act or word—which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr. Even M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, totally misjudging, as he does, many points of Bûddhism, is well cited by Professor Max Müller as saying of Prince Sidhârtha: "Sa vie n'a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction; et si la théorie qu'il préconise est fausse, les exemples personnels qu'il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu'il prêche; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur ne se démentent point un seul instant. . . . Il prépare silencieusment sa doctrine par six années de retraite et de méditation; il la propage par la seule puissance de la parole et de la persuasion pendant plus d'un demisiècle, et quand il meurt entre les bras de ses disciples, c'est avec la sérénité d'un sage qui a pratiqué le bien toute sa vie, et qui est assuré d'avoir trouvé le vrai." To Gôtama has consequently been granted this stupendous conquest of humanity; and—though he discountenanced ritual, and declared himself, even when on the threshold of Nirvâna, to be only what all other men might become

—the love and gratitude of Asia, disobeying his mandate, have given him fervent worship. Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula: "I take refuge in Bûddha!"

The Bûddha of this poem—if, as need not be doubted, he really existed—was born on the borders of Nepâl, about 620 B. C., and died about 543 B. C., at Kusinagâra, in Oudh. In point of age, therefore, most other creeds are youthful compared with this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom. The extravagances which disfigure the record and practice of Bûddhism are to be referred to that inevitable degradation which priesthoods always inflict upon great ideas committed to their charge. The power and sublimity of Gôtama's original doctrines should be estimated by their influence, not by their interpreters; nor by that innocent but lazy and ceremonious church which has arisen on the foundations of the Bûddhistic Brotherhood or "Sangha."

I have put my poem into a Bûddhist's mouth, because, to appreciate the spirit of Asiatic thoughts, they should be regarded from the Oriental point of view; and neither the miracles which consecrate this record, nor the philosophy which it embodies, could have been otherwise so naturally reproduced. The doctrine of Transmigration, for instance—startling to modern minds—was established and thoroughly accepted by the Hindûs of Bûddha's time; that period when Jeru-

salem was being taken by Nebuchadnezzar, when Nineveh was falling to the Medes, and Marseilles was founded by the Phocæans. The exposition here offered of so antique a system is of necessity incomplete, and—in obedience to the laws of poetic art—passes rapidly by many matters philosophically most important, as well as over the long ministry of Gôtama. But my purpose has been obtained if any just conception be here conveyed of the lofty character of this noble Prince, and of the general purport of his doctrines. As to these latter, there has arisen prodigious controversy among the erudite, who will be aware that I have taken the imperfect Bûddhistic citations much as they stand in Spence Hardy's work, and have also modified more than one passage in the received narratives. The views, however, here indicated of "Nirvâna," "Dharma," "Karma," and the other chief features of Bûddhism, are at least the fruits of considerable study, and also of a firm conviction that a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions, or in Nothingness as the issue and crown of Being.

Finally, in reverence to the illustrious Promulgator of this "Light of Asia," and in homage to the many eminent scholars who have devoted noble labours to his memory, for which both repose and ability are wanting to me, I beg that the short-comings of my too-hurried study may be forgiven. It has been composed in the brief intervals of days without leisure, but is inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual knowledge of East and West. The time may come, I hope, when this book and my "Indian Song

of Songs," and "Indian Idylls," will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

PREFACE TO NOTES.

A FEW summer afternoon "Conversations" on the "Light of Asia," at the earnest request of the company who listened, are at last condensed into these Notes. Interpretation rather than criticism has been my aim; neither have I thought it best to enter into any extended discussion of the merits of Bûddhist doctrine, presented or incidentally mentioned. A separate volume would be needed for that. Of necessity, Mr. Arnold has been obliged to use Christian phraseology, and as a powerful artist, without being a Bûddhist, or any other sort of a heathen, he has made the most of his picture.

We find it as difficult to becloud Christian words with heathen ideas as the heathen find it difficult to attach to their theological terms, when used to explain Christianity, the truth, purity, and clearness of Christian doctrine.

If the corresponding legends introduced in these Notes shall give to any one a juster idea of the place Bûddhist history holds in Oriental literature; if the translation of Hindû words and descriptions of Hindû customs shall add to the pleasure of any, as they strive to comprehend Mr. Arnold's picture; if the fuller details of Brâhminical and Bûddhist beliefs shall give to any a clearer view of the darkness which

Bûddha, with his candle of truth, bravely strove to illumine; if any, reading these Notes, shall love mankind more, and Christianity not less, my aim is fulfilled.

MRS. I. L. HAUSER.

EVANSTON, ILL. April 13, 1881.

PREFACE TO PRESENT EDITION.

AT THE request of the present publishers of the "Light of Asia" and Notes, I have revised and added to the latter, correcting a number of typographical errors of the earlier editions. Living at present amid Indian sights and sounds, I am more than ever impressed with Mr. Arnold's power of observation and description. He spent barely six years in India, but had he passed his life-time here, he could scarcely have given, in the brief space of his poem, a clearer picture of Indian life. In 1885, he revisited India for a few months, and was received with heartiest welcome by all. On his return to England, he was knighted for his services to Indian literature, and now bears the title of Sir Edwin Arnold.

MRS. I. L. HAUSER.

BAREILLY, INDIA, Feb. 7, 1890.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C. S. I.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C. S. I. (Companion of the Star of India), was the second son of Robert Coles Arnold, a magistrate in Sussex. He was born June 10, 1831, and was educated at King's School, Rochester, and King's College, London, and was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford. In 1852 he obtained the Newdigate prize for his English poem on the Feast of Belshazzar. In 1853 he was elected to address the Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. He graduated with honor in 1854, and became second master in King Edward the Sixth's School in Birmingham, and subsequently was appointed principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Pûna, in Western India. He held the position until 1860, when he was compelled to leave his much-loved India, by the death of a child, and the illness of his young wife. For nearly twenty years since he has held the position of sub-editor, or editor-in-chief, of the London *Daily Telegraph*, where he has become greatly distinguished as a writer of powerful "leaders." Mr. Arnold has contributed largely to critical and literary journals, and is the author of "Griselda, a Drama;" "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical;" "Education in India;" "The Euterpe of Herodotus," a translation, with notes;

a translation of the "Hitopodesh," or "Book of Good Counsels," a Sanskrit work; "The History of Lord Dalhousie's Administration;" "The Indian Song of Songs," and the "Light of Asia." This last work he began in September of 1878, and, though his duties as editor of the *Daily Telegraph* were unremitting, he was able, within a year, to have it published on both sides of the Atlantic. Later, Mr. Arnold has translated into verse two books from the Mahâbhârata, "The Iliad of India," and other poems.

MRS. I. L. HAUSER.

BÛDDHA.

OF THE real history of Bûddha, comparatively little was known in the Western world until within the present century. Whether he ever existed at all, was a great question among the best scholars; but recent research and comparison of Bûddhist works from Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Tibet, China, and Sanskrit works in India, seem to establish the fact beyond further question. As scholars, in each of the countries where Bûddhism prevails, read the works, ancient or modern, that proclaimed the greatness and doctrines of Bûddha, they found them so overgrown with legends and absurdities that it was impossible for them to decide which was truth and which falsehood; but when these works were brought together in European studies, and a few earnest scholars set themselves to the task of comparison, it was found that on certain points of Bûddha's life and doctrine there was practical agreement. These being gathered out of the mass of nonsense, we now have an intelligible history of Bûddha. It should be remembered that commerce, or other intercourse between China, Tibet, and India had been almost entirely suspended for nearly a thousand years, and the thought and traditions of one country had not been affected by that of the other; hence it seems evident that a common origin in the

spread of Bûddhism, some fifteen or twenty centuries since, must account for the agreement of the Bûddhist books of those countries on history and doctrine.

Nothing has been more uncertain about Bûddha than the time of his life. Professor Wilson enumerates over twenty different dates given in Bûddhist books, each as reliable as the other, and ranging over a thousand years previous to 453 B C.; but the most careful research, and the balance of Oriental authorities, places his birth about 625 B. C.

The story of Bûddha's ante-natal existence is as firmly believed in by his followers as that of the recorded eighty years of his last appearance. He is said to have passed through an infinitude of births, in various characters, during ten millions of million and one hundred thousand millions of kalpas, or eternities. Appearing as a prince fifty-one times in the line of Mahâsammata, he was, therefore, fifty-one times his own ancestor. In every birth he is represented as being possessed of rare moral excellence and great benevolence. It is said that when he was living as King Kanakavarnâ he gave to a Bôdhisattwa—or candidate for Bûddhahood—the last morsel of food which long famine had left for his sustenance. This act of charity was followed by rain and plenty. Again Bûddha, born as a Brâhmin, gave his own body to feed a famished tigress and her cubs. After this marvel of charity he attained the rank of Bôdhisattwa, which is only inferior to that of Bûddha, and lived in the Tûshîta heaven, where he taught his doctrine to innumerable millions of Bôdhisattwas, or future Bûddhas, and was glorified by many strange creatures

of Hindû mythology. Another account places Bûddha as one of the seven holy Rishîs—saints—each one of whom awaits, in one of the seven stars of the Great Bear, final birth or incarnation. In other works the occasion of Bûddha's birth is differently told. Vishnû, one of the Hindû trinity, saw that men, by their extraordinary strict practice of the doctrines and rites of the Védas, threatened to prove rivals to the gods themselves. In order to destroy this power of men, or rather to rob them of it, Vishnû became incarnate as Bûddha, that he might preach skepticism and heterodox doctrines, as atheism, and to destroy hope of immortality, that men might be reduced to their original weakness, and the fears and jealousy of the gods be removed.

According to the consensus of the best authorities, the father of Gôtama Bûddh reigned at Kâpilavastû, on the borders of Nepâl, where the future sage was born. Bûddhistic tradition describes him as an Aryan. "His face was reddish, his hair of light color, and curly; his general appearance of great beauty." He was probably a descendant of the Sâkas, or Scythians, who invaded India from the north about 600 B. C.

It is asserted that the birth of Gôtama took place on the eighth day of the second month of Spring. The Indian year, determined by the Pleiades, began with the 17th of November, approximately at the time of the Pleiades' culminating at midnight. The 17th of November was New Year's Day—the Athyr of the Egyptians, and Atauria of the Arabs—a prominent date among the ancients. It is thus assumed that the year of Gôtama's birth was 625 B. C., in the lati-

tude of Benâres, on the 25th of December, and at midnight on the sun's annual birthday, when the power of the sun ceases to decrease and begins to increase.

The facts of his mortal life may be briefly told. His father had married sisters, Mahâmâya and Mahâprajâpati. Mahâmâya, having come to her forty-fifth year, was about to be delivered of her first child, and, in accordance with Hindû custom, had started for her father's home. On the way, she rested under a satin tree, and there gave birth to her boy. Here legend steps in with marvels. Bûddha, at his birth, was received by Mahâ Brâhmâ in a golden net, from which he was transferred to the guardians of the four quarters, who received him on a tiger's skin; from these he was received by the nobles, who wrapped him in folds of the finest and softest cloth; but at once Bôdhisat descended from their hands to the ground, and looked to the four points, and the four half points; when he looked toward the north, he proceeded seven steps in that direction, and exclaimed: "I am the most exalted in the world. I am chief in the world. I am the most excellent in the world. Hereafter, there is to me no other birth!" Upon the death of his mother, seven days after, his aunt adopted him and nourished him. The story of the trial of his prowess and learning at the time of, or just after, his marriage, is probably the only authentic bit of his history, as a youth, that remains, and that is exaggerated beyond all belief. As a prince of the warrior, or Kshatriyâ caste, his training had been in that direction, though he must have been a much more than ordinarily meditative youth. The impressions

made upon his mind by the sight of extreme age, suffering, and death, do not seem at all improbable or unnatural. How often have similar sights made impressions on our hearts and lives that we shall never lose! It is not wonderful that a man of such remarkably thoughtful and benevolent characteristics as Bûddha possessed should have had the whole course of his life influenced by them. After Bûddha's renunciation of earthly honors, and family ties and love, he spent seven days in a mango grove, after which he spent some time at Râjâgriha; from thence he went to the jungle near Urûwêla, on a spur of the Vindhya range, where he spent six years in severe penances, until his fame spread, as the Burmese chronicle says, "like the sound of a great bell hung in the canopy of the skies." Here he found his long-sought quest, that peace of mind that comes from absolute surrender of selfish desires, after brave resistance of the powers of evil. His contest had been long and severe. He had much to lose, the way was dark, and the gain must have often seemed doubtful. Every earnest soul at some time in life, in a greater or less degree, is assailed by like temptations and doubts. The greater the man, the greater the conflict. Carlyle's description of his season of temptation when he was obliged to decide finally whether he should enter the ministry, reads wonderfully like Bûddha's struggle:

"I entered into my chamber, and closed the door; and around about me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire, from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scoffing were there, and I wrestled with them in trav-

ail and agony of spirit. Thus it was, sir, for weeks. Whether I ate, I know not; whether I drank, I know not; whether I slept, I know not. But I only know that when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon, it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a stomach."

Carlyle came forth to write; Bûddha began to preach.

He went to the deer-forest near Benâres, and, before the rainy season closed, had sixty converts. These he sent out, two by two, to propagate his doctrines. He now went to his old home, and, after bringing over to his views his half-brother, his son, and others, he returned to Râjâgriha, where the King Bîmbsâra, gave him a bambû-grove and monastery. He spent the rainy seasons here, teaching those who gathered about him, and, during the dry seasons, itinerated within a radius of a hundred and fifty miles about Benâres. For forty-five years he taught and sent forth his missionaries. Death came at last to the old man of blameless life, and found him tranquil, and looking peacefully forward to Nirvâna. Carefully had he followed, in his own life, the best light he had; patiently he taught others truth, purity, and humility, and who shall say that his earnest soul, passing from the imprisonment of the body, awoke not to those things which "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man?"

Bûddha lived in an era of great moral reforms. Throughout the known world ritualism had superseded the old and pure faith, of which scarcely more

than the ancient traditions remained. Men were weary of forms. Within the two centuries which Bûddha's life partly spanned, Confucius, with his wonderful code, appeared in China; in Persia, Zoroaster arose with reforms; at the court of Ahasuerus, Esther and Mordecai pleaded for justice, and their cry was heard from India to Ethiopia; in Babylon, Daniel, throughout a long life, upheld in brilliant example the grandeur of righteous living; in Greece, the Delphian temple sunk in ashes, and just laws supplanted the tripod; and in Palestine, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and most of the lesser prophets, declared against new moons, feasts, and fasts, and foretold certain destruction for those who, in ceremonials, should forget equity and justice. The Great Father of all, who has not created any soul and left it in utter darkness; He who, in tender compassion, sent Jonah to preach repentance to the people of Nineveh, who were at enmity with Him and His chosen people, cared also for the millions of India, who knew not their right hand from their left, and sent Bûddha to preach a purity and morality that should save the nation from destruction. Bûddha selected out from the old faith that which was noblest and best, and presented it with rare power to such as would hear. But the lights of those times, brilliant as they shone in the surrounding darkness, paled before a later Light that leads on to perfect day. The burden of Bûddha's doctrine is, not to, not to, not to. Positive, heroic, stalwart righteousness he dared not teach. A hero himself, he found the battle harder than any but rare spirits can bear, and he could offer men no help

outside of themselves. Of a highly poetic and speculative nature, he looked eagerly into the future for a reward for those who should fulfill the law. Confucius, more practical, and wanting in imagination, answered no questions as to the future. In the old faith, Bûddha found Nirvâna, absorption into Brahm; but his soul shrunk from contact with the unholy divinities of the Brâhmins. In accordance with that law of the mind that causes the Mûhamedan to look for heaven as a place of sensual enjoyments; that teaches the Greenlander to describe hell as a place of intense cold; that led the Jew, with his love of costly things, to picture heaven as built of gold and precious stones; that gives to the American Indian a hope of happy hunting-grounds, Nirvâna, under Bûddha's teaching, became a state free from irritation, action, or even consciousness—a mere abstraction. The East Indian, under an enervating climate, where exertion of mind or body, whether for good or ill, is a burden, can understand this. Its intense, undisturbed selfishness has great attraction for him. Like all religionists, he seeks to begin his heaven here below. He cuts loose from family ties that he may be rid of its cares; he takes the beggar's bowl and robe, that he may not be subject to the discomfort of providing even for himself; he fixes his attention on the tip of his nose, and, in utter disregard of all claims, dreams his life away.

Bûddha had a noble purpose; but long since its vitality and power to benefit mankind were exhausted. In his own words, "The lamp whose oil is spent flickers not."

MRS. I. L. HAUSER.

RULES FOR PRONUNCIATION.

Rules for the pronunciation of vowels in the Romanized Sanskrit words:

a, unmarked, is pronounced like *u* in but.
á, like *a* in far.
é, like *e* in prey.
i, unmarked, like *i* in him.
í, like *ee* in feel.
ó, like *o* in gold.
ú, like *oo* in good.

BOOK THE FIRST.

LIGHT OF ASIA.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE *Scripture of the Saviour of the World,*
Lord Bûddha[1]*—Prince Sidhârtha*[2] *styled on earth—*
In Earth and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,
All-honoured, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful;
The Teacher of Nirvâna and the Law.

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1. *Bûddha:*—He by whom the truth is known. Bûddha is from the ancient Sanskrit bôdhî, intelligence, and some form of the word survives in many languages. In English we have it in the word forbode. It is a fundamental doctrine of Bûddhism that beyond bôdhî, intelligence, there is no higher object of man's aim; for by this he becomes Bûddh, and is released from further transmigrations. Bûddha is not properly a name, but a title, received for the highest human attainment. In India, Wednesday is known as Bûddh-kâ-din, the day of Bûddh.

2. *Sidhârtha:*—He by whom the end is accomplished, is the translation usually given of this name. Turnour translates it, the establisher. The occasion of Bûddha's reception of this name occurred many ages before his birth as a Bûddh. When sitting in his palace as a prince, in that far-off age, "having seen Dipankâra Bôdhisat carrying the alms-bowl, he sent an attendant to inquire what was his business, when he was informed that he was seeking oil. On hearing this, the prince called him to his palace, and filling a golden vessel with oil of white mustard-seed, Sidhârtha, put it upon his head, saying at the same time: 'By virtue of this act may I hereafter become a Bûddh; and as this is sidhârtha oil, may my name in that birth be Sidhârtha.'" (Man-

Thus came he to be born again for men.[3]

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit[4]
Who rule our world; and under them are zones
Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead

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ual of Buddhism, page 94.) The Brâhmins collected at the festival upon his birth said: "This prince will hereafter be a blessing to the world—sidhatta; to himself also will be great prosperity;" in consequence of which he was called Sidhârtha.

3. Bûddha was supposed to have passed, according to the law of transmigration, all the millions of births requisite to fit the soul for its final rest. This last birth was not only for himself, but to preach knowledge to others.

4. *Below the highest sphere four Regents sit:*—The following description of these spheres and their inhabitants, from Wilson's Vishnû Purâna, vol. ii., p. 261, gives the best idea of the Hindû heavens: "On the Lôkâlôka mountain reside the four holy protectors of the world, or Sûdhâman and Sankhapâd (the two sons of Kardamâ), and Hirânyarôman and Ketûmat. Unaffected by the contrasts of existence, void of selfishness, active, and unencumbered by dependents, they take charge of the spheres, themselves abiding on the four cardinal points of the Lôkâlôka mountain.

"On the south of Agastya, and south of the line of the Goat, exterior to the Vaiswanara path, lies the road of the Pitris. There dwell the great Rishîs—in Ursa Major—the officers of oblations with fire, reverencing the Védas, after whose injunctions creation commenced, and who were discharging the duties of ministrant priests. For as the worlds are destroyed and renewed they institute new rules of conduct and reëstablish the interrupted ritual of the Védas. Mutually descending from each other, progenitor springing from descendant, and descendant from progenitor, in the alternating succession of births, they repeatedly appear in different houses and races—along with posterity, devout practices, and instituted observances—residing to the south of the solar orb, as long as the moon and stars endure.

Wait thrice ten thousand years,[5] then live again;
And on Lord Bûddha, waiting in that sky,

"The path of the gods lies to the north of the solar sphere, north of Nâgavîthî—Aries and Taurus—and south of the seven Rishîs—Ursa Major. There dwell Siddhas, of subdued senses, continent and pure, undesirous of progeny, and therefore victorious over death. Eighty-eight thousand of these chaste beings tenant the regions of the sky north of the sun, until the destruction of the universe; they enjoy immortality, for they are holy, exempt from covetousness and concupiscence, love and hatred; taking no part in the procreation of living beings; and detecting the unreality of the properties of elementary matter. By immortality is meant existence to the end of the kalpa. Life as long as the three regions—earth, sky, and heaven—last is called exemption from reiterated death.

"The space between the seven Rishîs and Dhrûva—from Ursa Major to the polar star—the third region of the sky, is the splendid celestial path of Vishnû, and the abode of those sanctified ascetics who are cleansed from every evil, and in whom virtue and vice are annihilated. This is that excellent place of Vishnû to which those repair in whom all sources of pain are extinct, in consequence of the cessation of—the consequences of—piety or iniquity, and where they never sorrow any more. There abide Dharma, Dhrûva, and other spectators of the world, radiant with the superhuman faculties of Vishnû acquired through religious meditation; and there are fastened and inwoven, too, all that is, and all that ever shall be, animate or inanimate."

5. *Thrice ten thousand years:*—A year of the seven Rishîs is 3,030 years. The sacred books do not agree in giving names of the Rishîs. The Mahâbhârata has three lists, each differing. Mr. Wilson mentions seven other authorities, each of which gives different names. Gôtama's name appears in some, but is omitted in others. The Vishnû Pûrâna mentions three kinds of Rishîs: Divine Rishîs—or sages who are demi-gods also, as Nârada; Brâhmin Rishîs—or sages who are sons of Brâhmâ, or Brâhmins, as Vasishtha and others; and royal Rishîs, or princes who have adopted a life of devotion, as Viswamitra and Bûddha, or Gôtama.

Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth,[6]
So that the Dévas[7] knew the signs, and said

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6. *Five sure signs of birth:*—Mr. Spence Hardy mentions but four: "1. His garments lose their appearance of purity. 2. The garlands and ornaments on his body begin to fade. 3. The body emits a kind of perspiration, like a tree covered with dew. 4. The mansion in which he resided loses its attractiveness and beauty." The same signs, as distinguishing men from gods, are spoken of in the Mahâbhârata that was composed many centuries before the Bûddhist era. At the Swayamvara, or tournament of the beautiful Damayanti, "she glanced around her at the glittering crowd of suitors, and saw in her dismay that there were five Nâlas in the hall, for each of the four bright gods had taken upon himself the form of Nâla. And Damayanti trembled with fear, and after awhile she folded her hands in reverence to the gods, and said, in sad and humble tones: 'Since I heard the language of the swan I have chosen Nâla for my lord, and have thought of no other husband. Therefore, O gods, I pray you that you resume your own immortal shapes and reveal Nâla to me, that I may choose him for my lord in the presence of all.' And the gods heard the piteous prayer of Damayanti, and they wondered at her steadfast truth and fervent love; and straightway they revealed the tokens of their godhead. Then Damayanti saw the four bright gods, and knew that they were not mortal heroes, for their feet touched not the earth, and their eyes winked not, and no perspiration hung upon their brows, nor dust upon their raiment, and their garlands were as fresh as if the flowers were just gathered. And Damayanti also saw the true Nâla, for he stood before her with shadow falling to the ground, and twinkling eyes, and drooping garland; and moisture was on his brow, and dust upon his raiment; and she knew that he was Nâla. Then she went in all maidenly modesty to Nâla, and took the hem of his garment, and threw a wreath of radiant flowers round his neck, and thus chose him for her lord." (Wheeler's History of India, vol. i., p. 484)

7. *Dévas:*—Bright ones, or lesser gods, who were once men, but are now in a place of happiness receiving reward for virtue.

"Bûddha will go again to help the World."
"Yea!" spake He, "now I go to help the World
This last of many times; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Sâkyas,[8]
Under the southward snows of Himâlay,
Where pious people live and a just King."

That night the wife of King Sûddhôdana,[9]
Mayâ the Queen,[10] asleep beside her Lord,
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from heaven—
Splendid, six-rayed, in colour rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant[11]

Not having reached Nirvâna, or perfect knowledge, they must appear again on earth in new forms. Though worshiped by men, they are regarded more as cognizant spirits than as superior divinities.

8. *Sâkyas:*—This name has no place in Hindû mythology or geography; they are supposed to have been a people living on the border of Nepâl, and formerly called Okkaka.

9. *Sûddhôdana:*—He whose food is pure.

10. *Mayâ the Queen:*—Illusion; sometimes called Mahâ Mayâ—great illusion—or Dévé Mayâ—Divine illusion.

11. *An elephant:*—In Burmah it is believed that Bûddha, in his manifold transmigrations, must necessarily delight to abide for some time in that grand incarnation of purity which they consider represented by the white elephant. While the bonzes teach that there is no spot in the heavens above, or the earth below, or the waters under the earth, which is not visited in the peregrinations of Bûddha—whose every step or stage is toward purification—they hold that his tarrying may be longer in the white elephant than in

Six-tusked, and whiter than Vahûka's[12] milk—
Shot through the void; and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced.[13] "Oh ye," it said,

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any other abode, and that in possession of the sacred animal they may possess the presence of Bûddha himself.

12. *Vahûka:*—The cow on whose horn the earth rests; when tired she tosses her burden to the other horn, hence earthquakes. Hindû geography states that the cow stands on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, the tortoise on—"who knows?"

13. *And over half the earth a lovely light*
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced.

Mr. Hardy, in the Manual of Bûddhism, enumerates thirty-two great wonders that occurred at the time of conception: "The 10,000 sakwâlas—systems of worlds—trembled at once; there was in each a preternatural light, so that they were all equally illuminated at the same moment; the blind from their birth received power to see; the deaf heard the joyful noise; the dumb burst forth into songs; the lame danced; the crooked became straight; those in confinement were released from bonds; the fires of all the

"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Bûddha is come!"
Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind
blew

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hells were extinguished, so that they became cool as water, and the bodies of all therein were as pillars of ice; the thirst of *prétas* —famished spirits—and the hunger of all other beings was appeased; the fears of the terrified fled away; the diseases of the sick were cured; all beings forgot their enmity to each other; bulls and buffaloes roared in triumph; horses, asses, and elephants joined in the acclaim; lions sent forth the thunder of their voices; instruments of music spontaneously uttered sounds; the dêvas put on their most splendid ornaments; in all countries lamps were lighted of themselves; the winds were loaded with perfumes; clouds arose, though it was not the season of rain, and the whole of the 10,000 sakwâlas were watered at once; the earth opened, and fountains of water sprang up in various places; the flight of the birds was arrested as they passed through the air; the stream of the rivers was stopped, as if to look at Bôdhisat; the waves of the sea became placid, and its waters sweet; the whole surface of the ocean was covered with flowers; the buds upon the land and the water became fully expanded; every creeper and tree was covered with flowers from the root to the top; the rocks abounded with the seven species of water-lilies; even beams of dry wood put forth flowers, so that the earth resembled one extensive garden; the sky was covered as with a floral canopy, and flowers were showered from the heavens; the 10,000 sakwâlas were all thus covered alike; and great favors were everywhere received."

Similar manifestations are frequently recorded in Hindû writings, with this difference, however: they are seldom narrated at such length as in Bûddhist writings, and lack the all-pervading element of peace and happy accord. In either Vêdic or Brâhminical traditions, some enemy almost invariably appears to mar the harmony.

With unknown freshness over lands and seas.
And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The grey dream-readers[14] said "The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun;[15]
The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child,
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."

In this wise was the holy Bûddha born.

Queen Mâyâ stood at noon, her days fulfilled,
Under a Palsa[16] in the Palace-grounds,
A stately trunk, straight as a temple-shaft,
With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms;
And, knowing the time come—for all things knew—
The conscious tree bent down its bows to make
A bower about Queen Mayâ's majesty;
And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers
To spread a couch; while, ready for the bath,

14. *The grey dream-readers:*—Brâhmins who make the interpretation of dreams and the understanding of the mysteries of astrology specialties.

15. *The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun:*—The event occurred on the day of the full moon of the month of Æsâla—July—August.

16. *Palsa:*—Sâl-tree (*Shorea Robusta*). This is one of the handsomest of Indian trees, and the timber—a dark, heavy wood—is much prized for building purposes, as it is less attacked by white ants than most other woods.

The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream
Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child
Pangless—he having on his perfect form
The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth;[17]
Of which the great news to the Palace came.
But when they brought the painted palanquin[18]

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17. *The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth:*—Marks of Vishnû, some of them as follows: "The feet of Bûddha were like two golden sandals. There was a chakra, or wheel, in the center of the sole. The palms and soles appeared like richly ornamented windows. His body did not collect dust or dirt, as the lotus is not defiled by the mud in the midst of which it grows. His teeth shone like the stars of a constellation. His tongue was so long that by putting it out he could touch his forehead, or the orifices of his ears. His eyes were blue, and sparkled like sapphires. Upon his forehead was a lock of hair curling toward the right."

18. *Palanquin:*—The palanquin is a strong, light box, with sliding doors on two sides, in which one person, sitting tailor-fashion, or lying down full length, is conveyed from one place to another by men-carriers. The box is first a stout frame about three feet wide, four feet high, and six feet long. About the four sides are panels and doors of light wood. The bottom is usually of woven cane, and the top a light lattice, over which is stretched cloth and layers of paper until quite firm, and made water-proof with paint. On either end, near the top and on the outside, are securely fastened stout poles about four feet long. Two men at each end lift the poles on their shoulders and carry the conveyance at a shuffling trot. The painting of the palanquin is a work of time, and often results in a work of art. The wood is first coated with brick dust and glue, and polished with a bit of spongy brick, followed by one or more coats of paint. Gilding in bands or patterns is applied. For this, a preparation of tin and glue is pounded to a paste; this is dissolved, and the residuum is laid on in the required design with

To fetch him home, the bearers of the poles
Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down
From Mount Sûmerû[19]—they who write men's deeds
On brazen plates—the Angel of the East,
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear

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a small brush, and, when dry, is polished with a bit of agate, over which is applied a stain of aloes, making a gold ground. The gilding is further embellished with colored paints, in which red and green predominate. The designs are arabesque, drawn free hand, without patterns, and are sometimes very handsome.

19. *Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down From Mount Sûmerû.*

The Vêdas name the following as regents of the four quarters: Kûverá, the regent of the North, and god of riches; Yama, regent of the South, and judge of the dead; Indra, regent of the East, and god of the clouds or heaven; Varûna, regent of the West, and god of the ocean or waters. In Bûddhist writings their names are Dhratarâshtra, Wirûdha, Wirûpaksha, and Waisrawana. The attendants of each number a hundred thousand times ten millions. Mount Sûmerû is described in Hindû geography as a sacred mountain composed of gold and gems, situated somewhere in the center of the earth, which they supposed to be flat like a round table. Sûmerû is the residence of the gods, is broader at the top than at the base, and is yet undiscovered by man. Around this mount is our earth, surrounded by an ocean of salt water of the same diameter as the earth. Surrounding this, in regular succession, always doubling the diameter, are seven circular islands and oceans: 1st ocean, salt water; 2d, milk; 3d, curds; 4th, melted butter; 5th, sugar-cane juice; 6th, honey; 7th, fresh water. Hindû authorities differ greatly in descriptions of Mount Sûmerû; no two agree as to its shape and dimensions. The Bûddhists of Ceylon claim that Sûmerû is of the same diameter throughout. Those of Nepâl conceive it to be shaped like an Indian drum.

Targets of pearl: the Angel of the South,
Whose horsemen, the Kûmbhandas,[20] ride blue steeds,
With sapphire shields: the Angel of the West,
By Nâgas[21] followed, riding steeds blood-red,
With coral shields: the Angel of the North,
Environed by his Yakshas,[22] all in gold,

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20. *Kûmbhandas:*—One of the signs of the Indian zodiac is Kûmbhâ, a white man holding a water-jar. These are of immense size and disgusting form.

21. *Nâgas* are serpent deities. The upper half of their bodies is of human form; the lower, serpent. They dwell in Patâla, below the earth, a place of sensual pleasures, and lighted by resplendent gems. The origin of the mythological Nâgas is shrouded in much mystery. A powerful Scythian race in ancient times lived in the mountainous regions, and worshiped the snake as a national deity, adopting it as a national emblem; and from these circumstances seems to have been derived the name of Nâgas or serpents These Nâgas made constant raids upon the Brâhminical nations, inspiring them with terror and an abject fear, that led them to worship, in hope of appeasing the god of their enemies. The Nâgas as a people have almost entirely disappeared from India, but the myth and the old fear remain. In the latter part of August, a day is held sacred to snakes, and numerous religious fairs are held for their special worship. On that day the women pour milk into snake-holes, the doors of houses are smeared with cow-dung and nîm-leaves as a preservative against poisonous snakes; and in Benâres is a well, called a snake-well, where people bathe.

22. *Yakshas:*—Brâhmâ, in one stage of the creation, produced beings hunger-bitten, hideous, and long-bearded. Some of these cried out, "Oh, preserve us!" and hence were called Rakshas, from rakh, to preserve; others cried, "Let us eat!" and hence were termed Yakshas, from yaksh, to eat. They are demi-gods with few peculiar attributes, and are regarded only as the companions or attendants of Kûverâ, the god of wealth. Occasionally

On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold.
These, with their pomp invisible, came down
And took the poles, in cast and outward garb[23]
Like bearers, yet most mighty gods; and gods
Walked free with men that day, though men knew not:
For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,[24]
Knowing Lord Bûddha thus was come again.

But King Sûddhôdana wist not of this;
The portents troubled, till his dream-readers
Augured a Prince of earthly dominance,
A Chakravartin,[25] such as rise to rule
Once in each thousand years; seven gifts he has—

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they appear as the imps of evil, but in general their character is inoffensive.

23. The carriers of palanquins are by caste Kahârs. They wear a waist-cloth securely bound about the thighs, leaving the legs bare and free, a cotton jacket, a muslin skull-cap, and four or five yards of cotton cloth, used as a turban in the heat of the day, or as a sheet at night.

24. *For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake:*—The legend says that the Mahâ Brâhmas—chief divinities—of the 10,000 sakwâlas—systems of worlds—brought umbrellas twelve miles high to be held over the infant's head as a canopy, and the gods and men of each of these systems brought flowers, golden caskets, tiaras, frontlets, perfumes, red sandal-wood, and other gifts, while they acknowledged Bûddha's supremacy. The thirty-two wonders seen at the time of his conception were also repeated.

25. *Chakravartin:*—A wheel king, one of the twelve universal monarchs who arise at long-distant periods to rule the entire world. Professor Wilson translates it: "He who abides in, or rules over, an extensive territory called a chakra."

The Chakra-ratna,[26] disc divine; the gem;
The horse, the Aswa-ratna,[27] that proud steed
Which tramps the clouds; a snow-white elephant,
The Hastî-ratna,[28] born to bear his King;
The Crafty Minister, the General
Unconquered, and the wife of peerless grace,
The Istrî-ratna,[29] lovelier than the Dawn.
For which gifts looking with this wondrous boy,
The King gave order that his town should keep
High festival; therefore the ways were swept,[30]

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26. *The Chakra-ratna:*—A chakra was a radiated metallic ring used as a missile weapon; it was thrown while revolving rapidly on a rod, and was a most dangerous weapon in ancient warfare, as its sharp edge cut in pieces anything with which it came in contact. The chakra is the discus of Vishnû, his distinguishing weapon. Ratna signifies a gem, and is used adjectively, or as we sometimes say, "a gem of a horse," or "a gem of a wife." The chakravartin, having arrived at a suitable age, reflects upon the merit he has gained in former existences, when the seven gifts appear, one after another, in the air, and having performed marvels, take up their abode in his palace. The chakra was ultimately converted into the prayer-wheel of the Bûddhists.

27. *Aswa:*—Horse.

28. *Hastî:*—Elephant.

29. *Istrî:*—Wife.

30. ——*the ways were swept:*—In the larger cities of India, gangs of men are constantly employed to sweep the principal streets daily, which they do for their entire length and breadth, with brooms about two feet long, made of bambû splints and without handles. On the occasion of the advent of a prince or other notable, his route is ascertained beforehand and carefully swept. When the Governor-General, Sir John Lawrence, entered Lucknow in 1867, the road for three miles, between the depot and the Residency, the place of reception, was swept on the morning of

Rose-odours sprinkled in the street, the trees
Were hung with lamps and flags,[31] while merry crowds
Gaped on the sword-players[32] and posturers,
The jugglers,[33] charmers, swingers, rope-walkers,[34]

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his arrival, and sprinkled by men who carried the water in goat-skins on their backs. That rose-odours were not added to the water, the natives would set down to what they consider the parsimony of the English in making arrangements for display on court occasions.

31. ——*lamps and flags:*—The lamps are usually tiny earthen saucers filled with oil, and a lighted wick set in one side; or, on grand occasions, talq bowls are half filled with water, on which float oil and a lighted wick. Hundreds and thousands of the lights are used with wonderful effect. The flags are generally of gold or silver tinsel.

32. ——*while merry crowds*
Gaped on the sword-players.

The itinerant tricksters who appear on such occasions perform in the open air, without screens or admission fee, hence all may witness the sports. Persons of wealth or rank frequently make it a point to fee the performer, while the poorer spectators exclaim at their greatness and benevolence. The sword-players are simply marvelous in their dexterous use of sharp weapons. While performing, they wear only a turban, and a piece of cloth about the loins. One of their principal feats is to keep four or five large butcher-knives spinning in the air for five minutes or more. Each knife is caught in its descent and tossed with such accuracy that the distance between the flying knives differs scarcely a finger's breadth.

33. *The jugglers* seldom have more than two or three men in a company. They carry a couple of round, shallow, covered baskets swung on a pole. Their dress is scanty and without sleeves. They have neither curtains, nor tents, nor closets for retirement, and yet with their simple outfits they are able to perform wonders that would nonplus our western necromancers.

34. *Rope-walkers:*—A common feat of rope-walking is to set

The nâtch-girls in their spangled skirts, and bells[35]
That chime light laughter round their restless feet;
The masquers wrapped in skins of bear and deer,
The tiger-tamers, wrestlers, quail-fighters,
Beaters of drum and twanglers of the wire,
Who made the people happy by command.
Moreover, from afar came merchant-men,
Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts
In golden trays;[36] goat-shawls,[37] and nârd,[38] and jade,

long bambûs in the ground by the road-side, and near the tops, some ten or twelve feet from the ground, stretch twenty-five or more feet of rope. The acrobats cross this bare-footed or with shoes; or, kneeling on an ordinary flat-bottomed, twelve-inch brass plate, grasp the rope with their toes behind and shove themselves across; or, with a pair of smooth, curved cow's horns tied with bits of rags to their feet, like stilts, points downward, they cross the rope, balancing themselves on the curve of the horns.

35. *The nâtch-girls in their spangled skirts, and bells:*—Dancing-girls. Their skirts are often broidered or sewn thick with gold or silver spangles, and their veils are frequently set close round the border with mirrors, each about an inch in diameter. Tiny bells, in shape of fruits or blossoms, are strung around their ankles or worn on their toe-rings.

36. *Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts*
In golden trays.

It is a custom in India that none dare neglect to send presents to a family when a boy is first born. These are always carried on shallow trays, usually of brass, but, if possible, of richer metal.

37. *Goat-shawls:*—These shawls are made of the soft hair of the Kashmîr goat, and are often of such fine and delicate texture that a shawl two yards square can be drawn through a finger-ring.

38. *Nârd:*—Spikenard, being a native of India, is much used as a perfume.

Turkîses,[39] "evening-sky" tint, woven webs—
So fine twelve folds hide not a modest face—
Waist-cloths sewn thick with pearls, and sandal-wood;
Homage from tribute cities; so they called
Their Prince Savârthasiddh, "All-Prospering,"
Briefer, Sidhârtha.

'Mongst the strangers came
A grey-haired saint, Asîta,[40] one whose ears,

39. *Turkîses*:—Turquois.

40. *Asîta* is a name not common in Hindû mythology or history; it seems to have always been borne by men of more than average piety and understanding. In the Vishnû Purâna, Asîta is said to have communicated to Janaka the following stanzas that were chanted by the earth: "How great is the folly of princes, who are endowed with the faculty of reason, to cherish the confidence of ambition, when they themselves are but foam upon the wave! Before they subdue themselves they seek to reduce their ministers, their servants, their subjects, under their authority; they then endeavor to overcome their foes. 'Thus,' say they, 'will we conquer the ocean-encircled earth;' and intent upon their project, behold not death, which is not far off. But what mighty matter is the subjugation of the sea-girt earth to one who can subdue himself? Emancipation from existence is the fruit of self-control. It is through infatuation that kings desire to possess me, whom their predecessors have been forced to leave, whom their fathers have not retained. Beguiled by the selfish love of sway, fathers contend with sons, and brothers with brothers, for my possession. Foolishness has been the character of every king who has boasted, 'All this earth is mine—everything is mine—it will be my home forever;' for he is dead. How is it possible that such vain desires should survive in the hearts of his descendants, who have seen their progenitor, absorbed in the thirst of dominion, compelled to relinquish me, whom he called his own, and tread the path of dissolution? When I hear a king sending word to another,

Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds,
And heard at prayer beneath his pîpal-trée[41]
The Dévas singing songs at Bûddha's birth.
Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts;
Him, drawing nigh, seeming so reverend,
The King saluted, and Queen Mayâ made
To lay her babe before such holy feet;
But when he saw the Prince the old man cried
"Ah, Queen, not so!" and thereupon he touched

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by his ambassador, 'This earth is mine; immediately resign your pretensions to it,' I am moved to violent laughter, at first, but it subsides in pity for the infatuated fool."

This wisdom, in truth, can scarcely be accredited to the Asîta of the poem, but is certainly worthy of the man who, without fault, was prime minister to the king of one generation, the trusted adviser of the second, and saint, in the time of Bûddha, of the third generation. If the legend were true, there would be small wonder that Asîta heard Dévas singing, deaf as he was; for it is said that at the time of Bûddha's birth the Sékras brought conches one hundred and twenty cubits long, the blast of which rolled on without ceasing during four and a half months, and the Panchasikas brought harps twelve miles long.

41. *Pîpal-tree:*—A Hindû's praying-place is under the pîpal-tree—*Ficus Religiosa.* Everywhere throughout India beneath the pîpal-trees may be seen small shrines; it may be a few stones, a few square feet of masonry, or a temple of considerable size. Though the tree is held in such reverence, Hindûs mostly object to live in its shade. An English officer, in improving a bazâr street, proposed to plant pîpal-trees alongside; but the merchants begged him not to do so, as in the pîpal's shade they would be obliged to speak the truth and deal honestly, which they considered would be ruinous to business.

Eight times the dust,[42] laid his waste visage there,
Saying, "O Babe! I worship! Thou art He!
I see the rosy light,[43] the foot-sole marks,[44]
The soft curled tendril of the Swastika,[45]
The sacred primal signs thirty and two,
The eighty lesser tokens.[46] Thou art Bûddh,

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42. —— *thereupon he touched*
Eight times the dust.

Before the supreme teachers obeisance must be made by the prostration of the body, with the application of eight parts: the forehead, eyes, breast, hands, knees, and insteps of the feet, words and mind to the ground.

43. ——*the rosy light:*—Aureole.

44. ——*the foot sole marks:*—The telling of fortunes in India by the lines upon the soles of the feet corresponds to palmistry in Europe and America; the fortunate signs are, a wheel with many spokes, an umbrella, an elephant's trunk, a lotus, Mount Mérû, the sun, the moon, a tiger, mystic crosses, and many other imaginary representations.

45. *The Swastika:*—Mystical figure, the inscription of which on any person or thing is generally considered to be lucky. (Wilson's Sanskrit Dictionary.) In the Vishnû Purâna it is described as "a particular diagram used in mystical ceremonies." This figure is found in many magical diagrams, and in Runic inscriptions and amulets; it is the hammer of Thor; it is seen on some ancient Etruscan vases that were dug up at Rome in 1817. It is also very commonly seen on the ancient coins that were struck by the Bûddhist monarchs of India. (Manual of Bûddhism, p. 381.)

46. *The sacred primal signs thirty and two,*
The eighty lesser tokens.

Mr. Hardy enumerates all these signs and tokens; also the larger part of two hundred and sixteen inferior marks. The repetition of these would be tedious and profitless. The following description of a Jain saint adequately conveys the idea: "Beauty

And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh
Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die;
Howbeit I have seen Thee. Know, O King!
This is that Blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years—[47]
But opened, fills the world with Wisdom's scent
And Love's dropped honey; from thy royal root
A Heavenly Lotus springs: Ah, happy House!

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of form, fragrance of his body, the white color of his blood, curling hair, and its non-increase, also that of the beard and nails; his exemption from all natural infirmities and decay. These qualities are born with him. He can collect around him millions of beings—gods, men, and animals—in a comparatively small space; his voice is audible to a great distance, and his language, which is Arddha, Mâgadha, is intelligible to animals, men, and gods. The back of his head is surrounded by a halo of light brighter than the disk of the sun. For an immense distance around him, wherever he moves, neither sickness, storms, war, nor troubles of any sort, occur. Other attributes, or marks of Vishnû, are of a celestial origin, as the raining of flowers, perfumes, the sound of heavenly drums, and the menial offices rendered by Indrâ and the gods." (Wilson's Essays on the Religion of the Hindûs, vol. i., p. 289.)

47. *This is that Blossom on our human tree*
Which opens once in many myriad years.

Bûddhists and Hindûs both believe that our earth has been created and destroyed many times. In the process of creation, "the part where the sacred tree of Bûddha is to appear is the first spot of earth that is found, as it is the last spot destroyed at the end of a kalpa. To point out this place a lotus appears; and if a Bûddha is to be born in that kalpa, a flower will be expanded; but if there is to be no Lûddha, there will be no flower." (Manual of Bûddhism, p. 29.)

Yet not all-happy, for a sword must pierce
Thy bowels for this boy[48]—whilst thou, sweet Queen!
Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,
Henceforth are grown too sacred for more woe;
And life is woe, therefore in seven days
Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain."[49]

Which fell: for on the seventh evening
Queen Mayâ smiling slept, and waked no more,
Passing content to Trâyastrinshas-Heaven,[50]
Where countless Dévas worship her, and wait
Attendant on that radiant Motherhead.
But for the Babe they found a foster-nurse,
Princess Mahâprajâpatî[51]—her breast

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48. —— *a sword must pierce*
Thy bowels for this boy.

This is addressed to the father, and signifies that he must bear bitter disappointment at not seeing his son become a chakravartin, or universal monarch.

49. —— *whilst thou, sweet Queen!*
Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,
Henceforth are grown too sacred for more woe;
And life is woe, therefore in seven days
Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain.

The reward of becoming the mother of a Bûddha is to be translated in seven days thereafter to a highest heaven. The mothers of each of the thousands of Bûddhas that are supposed to have appeared have all died on the seventh day after the birth.

50. *Trâyastrinshas-Heaven :* — The ultimate abode, whose dwellers are liberated and escaped from all dangers of earth.

51 *Mahâprajâpatî:*—This princess and Mahâmâya were sisters, and both queens of Sûddhôdana. On the day she was named, the

Nourished with noble milk the lips of Him
Whose lips comfort the worlds.
When th' eighth year passed,[52]
The careful King bethought to teach his son
All that a Prince should learn, for still he shunned
The too vast presage of those miracles,
The glories and the sufferings of a Bûddh.
So, in full council of his Ministers,
"Who is the wisest man, great sirs," he asked,
"To teach my Prince that which a Prince should know?"
Whereto gave answer each with instant voice:
"King! Viswamitra[53] is the wisest one,

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diviners saw that she would be the mother or mother-in-law of a chakravartin, so called her Prajâpati—lord of the world. As children, the sisters were of remarkable merit. No intoxicating liquor touched their lips; even in play they never told an untruth, or killed even an insect; as queens, "they lived together like two srikantâwas in one lotus-flower." This princess was the first woman admitted to holy orders, and the first of Bûddha's disciples to enter Nirvâna. The legend tells of a hundred royal wet-nurses, all without blemish and of perfect form, and a hundred and sixty thousand attendant princes.

52. *When th' eighth year passed:*—The sons of Brâhmins and the ruling classes are invested with the sacred cord, and taught, for the first, certain sacred syllables and prayers when about nine years of age.

53. *Viswamitra:*—The name of the author of the hymns in the third Rig Véda, composed about 1500 B. C. Another Viswamitra was an ancient prince of the warrior caste who opposed Brâhminism.

The farthest-seen in Scriptures, and the best
In learning, and the manual arts, and all."
Thus Viswamitra came and heard commands;
And, on a day found fortunate, the Prince
Took up his slate of ox-red sandal-wood
All beautified by gems around the rim,
And sprinkled smooth with dust of emery,
These took he, and his writing-stick, and stood
With eyes bent down before the Sage, who said,
"Child, write this Scripture," speaking slow the verse
"*Gâyatrî*"[54] named, which only High-born hear:—

Om, tatsaviturvarenyam
Bhargo devasya dhîmahi
Dhiyo yo na prachodayât.

54. *Gâyatrî:*—A verse from the Védas. The gâyatrî in the poem for three thousand years has held its place as the most sacred sentence in Hindû literature, and is the prayer recited daily by thousands of devout Hindûs. The most usual translation is the following: "Om, earth, sky, heavens. We meditate on that adorable light of the resplendent sun; may it direct our intellects." It occurs in the third book of the Rig Véda. The last hymn in this book consists of six prayers; the one containing the gâyatrî is as follows: "This new and excellent praise of thee, O splendid, playful sun, is offered by us to thee. Be gratified by this my speech. Approach this craving mind as a fond man seeks a woman. May that sun who contemplates and looks into all worlds be our protection. Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine ruler; may it guide our intellects. Desirous of food, we solicit the gift of the splendid sun, who should be studiously worshiped. Venerable men, guided by understanding, salute the divine sun with oblations and praise." (Hand-book of Sanskrit Literature.)

"Achârya,[55] I write," meekly replied
The Prince, and quickly on the dust he drew—
Not in one script, but many characters—
The sacred verse; Nâgrî[56] and Dakshin,[57] Nî,[58]
Mangal,[59] Parûsha,[60] Yâva,[61] Tirthî,[62] Uk,[63]
Darâd,[64] Sikhyâni,[65] Mana,[66] Madhyâchâr,[67]
The pictured writings and the speech of signs,

This gâyatrî is personified as the wife of Brâhmâ. The Brâhmin who pronounces the gâyatrî is absolved from all sin. "By the sole repetition of the gâyatrî, a priest may indubitably attain beatitude, let him perform or not perform any other religious act." (Laws of Manû, No. 87.)

The woman sûdra—low-caste person or barbarian—who should dare pronounce the sacred words of the gâyatrî, it is believed, would bring upon herself the most signal punishment from heaven.

55. *Achârya:*—A religious teacher. "That priest who girds his pupil with the sacrificial cord, and afterward instructs him in the whole Véda, with the law of sacrifice, and the sacred Upanishads, holy sages call an Achârya." (Laws of Manû, No. 140.)

56. *Nâgrî:*—Language of the northern Hindûs.

57. *Dakshin:*—Language of the southern Hindûs.

58. *Nî:*—Language of the Péris.

59. *Mangal:*—Language of the Tartars.

60. *Parûsha:*—Language of the Ancients.

61. *Yâva:*—Language of the Moderns.

62. *Tirthî:*—Language of the Pilgrims.

63. *Uk:*—Language of the Herons.

64. *Darâd:*—Language of the modern Cinnebar.

65. *Sikhyâni:*—Language of the Teachers.

66. *Mana:*—Language of the Sages.

67. *Madhyâchâr:*—Intelligible to men and animals.

Tokens of cave men and the sea-peoples,
Of those who worship snakes beneath the earth,
And those who flame adore and the sun's orb,[68]
The Magians and the dwellers on the mounds;
Of all the nations all strange scripts he traced
One after other with his writing-stick,
Reading the master's verse in every tongue;
And Viswamitra said, "It is enough,
Let us to numbers.

After me repeat
Your numeration till we reach the Lâkh,[69]

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68. *And those who flame adore and the sun's orb:*—Persians.

69. *Lâkh:*—100,000.

Any earthly method of computation would fail entirely to convey in figures the sums of the boy's numeration. All the matter of all the worlds counted in molecules could not express an asankya. The reader may obtain some idea of its magnitude by the following table:

10 dasa or decenniums.....	make.....	1 sau or hundred.
10 saus or hundreds.....	"	1 hazâr or thousand.
100 hazârs or thousands	"	1 lâkh.
100 lâkhs	"	1 kôtî or kéla.
100 lâkhs of kôtîs	"	1 prakôtî.
1 kôtî of prakôtîs	"	1 kôtîprakôtî.
1 kôtî of kôtîprakôtîs.....	"	1 nahûta.
1 kôtî of nahûtas	"	1 ninnahûta.
1 kôtî of ninnahûtas	"	1 hûtanahûta.
1 kôtî of hûtanahûtas	"	1 khamba.
1 kôtî of khambas.....	"	1 wiskhamba.
1 kôtî of wiskhambas	"	1 abada.
1 kôtî of abadas	"	1 attata.
1 kôtî of attatas	"	1 ahaha.

One, two, three, four, to ten, and then by tens
To hundreds, thousands." After him the child
Named digits, decads, centuries; nor paused,
The round lâkh reached, but softly murmured on,
"Then comes the kôtî, nahût, ninnahût,
Khamba, viskhamba, abab, attata,
To kûmûds, gandhikas, and ûtpalas,
By pandarîkas unto padûmas,
Which last is how you count the utmost grains
Of Hastagirî ground to finest dust;
But beyond that a numeration is,
The Kathâ, used to note the stars of night;
The Kôtî-Kathâ, for the ocean drops;
Ingga, the calculus of circulars;
Sarvanikchépa, by the which you deal
With all the sands of Ganga, till we come
To Antâh-Kalpas,[70] where the unit is

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1 kôtî of ahahas ..... make ..... 1 kûmûda.
1 kôtî of kûmûdas ..... " ..... 1 gandhika.
1 kôtî of gandhikas ..... " ..... 1 ûtpala.
1 kôtî of ûtpalas ..... " ..... 1 pandarîka.
1 kôtî of pandarîkas ..... " ..... 1 padûma.
1 kôtî of padûmas ..... " ..... 1 kathâ.
1 kôtî of kathâs ..... " ..... 1 mahâ kathâ.
1 kôtî of mahâ kathâs ..... " ..... 1 asankya.*

An asankya could be represented by one hundred and twenty-nine figures.

70. *Antâh-Kalpas:*—A kalpa is a measure of time, indicating eternity. A kalpa represents a day and a night of the god Brahm,

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*Manual of Bûddhism, p. 6.

The sands of ten crôr[71] Gangas. If one seeks
More comprehensive scale, th' arithmic mounts
By the Asankya, which is the tale
Of all the drops that in ten thousand years
Would fall on all the worlds by daily rain;
Thence unto Mahâ-Kalpas, by the which
The Gods compute their future and their past."

"'Tis good," the sage rejoined. "Most noble Prince,
If these thou know'st, needs it that I should teach
The mensuration of the lineal?"
Humbly the boy replied, "Achârya!
Be pleased to hear me. Paramânûs[72] ten
A parasûkshma[73] make; ten of those build

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or the time of the creation of the world, and the time of its extinction until the creation of another world. The length of a kalpa is thus described: "Take a rock forming a cube of about sixteen miles, touch it once in a hundred years with the finest piece of cloth, and the rock will sooner be reduced to dust than a kalpa shall end." Another definition is: "A palya or kalpa is a period measured by the time in which a vast well, eight hundred miles every way, filled with minute hairs so closely packed that a river hurried over them without penetrating the interstices, could be emptied at the rate of one hair a century. (Wilson's Religions of the Hindûs, vol. i., p. 308.) Were the earth to increase in elevation one inch in a century, the elevation would extend to twenty-eight miles before an antâh-kalpa would be concluded" "Twenty antâh-kalpas make an asankya-kalpa; four asankya-kalpas make a mahâ-kalpa."

71. *Crôr:*—10,000,000.

72. *Paramânûs:*—The invisible base of all aggregate bodies.

73. *Parasûkshma:*—Fairy atom.

The trasarene,[74] and seven trasarenes
One mote's-length floating in the beam, seven motes
The whisker-point of mouse, and ten of these
One likhya;[75] likhyas ten a yûka, ten
Yûkas[76] a heart of barley, which is held
Seven times a wasp-waist; so unto the grain
Of mûng[77] and mustard and the barley-corn,
Whereof ten give the finger-joint, twelve joints
The span, wherefrom we reach the cubit, staff,
Bow-length, lance-length; while twenty lengths of lance
Mete what is named a 'breath,'[78] which is to say
Such space as man may stride with lungs once filled,
Whereof a gow[79] is forty, four times that
A yôjana;[80] and, Master! if it please,
I shall recite how many sun-motes lie
From end to end within a yôjana."
Thereat, with instant skill, the little Prince

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74. *Trasarene:*—Ten trasarenes make one particle of dust.

75. *Likhya:*—A stroke of the pen.

76. *Yûka:*—A louse.

77. *Mûng:*—Pulse.

78. *A breath:*—The distance to which a cooly can carry the native yoke, with a load attached at either end, without putting down the burden.

79. *Gow:*—Two to two and a half miles.

80. *Yôjana:*—The length of a yôjana varies greatly—from four and a half miles to sixteen miles.

Pronounced the total of the atoms true.
But Viswamitra heard it on his face
Prostrate before the boy; "For thou," he cried,
"Art Teacher of thy teachers—thou, not I,
Art Gûrû.[81] Oh, I worship thee, sweet Prince!
That comest to my school only to show
Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st
Fair reverence besides."

Which reverence
Lord Bûddha kept to all his schoolmasters,
Albeit beyond their learning taught; in speech
Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,
Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood;
No bolder horseman in the youthful band
E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles;
No keener driver of the chariot
In mimic contest scoured the Palace-courts;
Yet in mid-play the boy would ofttimes pause,
Letting the deer pass free; would ofttimes yield
His half-won race because the labouring steeds
Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves

81. *Gûrû*:—Master.

To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt. Then it befell
In the Royal garden on a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
To their nest-places on Himâla's breast.
Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Dévadatta,[82] cousin of the Prince,
Pointed his bow, and loosed a wilful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.
Which seeing, Prince Sidhârtha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Bûddha sits—
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew

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82. *Dévadatta* signifies god-given, a common name in India. This Dévadatta is one of the five persons of whom it is recorded they went to naraka—hell. His offense was that he tempted some of the followers of Bûddha to forsake him, and fell into heresy.

The cruel steel forth from the wound, and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.

Then some one came who said, "My Prince hath shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Sidhârtha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."
And Dévadatta answered, "The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine.
Give me my prize, fair Cousin." Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,

Not man's alone; but, if the Prince disputes,
Let him submit his matter to the wise
And we will wait their word." So was it done;
In full dîvân[83] the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that;
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the saviour of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains; give him the bird:"
Which judgment all found just; but when the King
Sought out the sage for honour, he was gone,
And some one saw a hooded snake[84] glide forth,—
The gods come ofttimes thus! So our Lord Bûddh
Began his works of mercy.

Yet not more
Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's,
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind.
But on another day the King said, "Come,
Sweet son! and see the pleasaunce of the spring,
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper; how my realm—
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me—[85]
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled.

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83. *Dîvân:*—Court.

84. *A hooded snake:*—Cobra.

85. —— *the pile flames for me:*—Cremation.

Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time." So they rode
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke
Dragging the ploughs; the fat soil rose and rolled
In smooth long waves back from the plough; who drove
Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep; among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow;
And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things
Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays[86]
The sun-birds[87] flashed; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith; bee-eaters hawked,
Chasing the purple butterflies; beneath,

86. *In the mango-sprays:*—The mango is a spreading tree of rapid growth, thirty to forty feet in height, the stem only rising eight or ten feet before it divides into branches. The dark, glossy leaves, about eight inches in length, have a sweet, resinous smell, and are so densely set as to be impenetrable to the sun's burning rays, and form a most grateful shade. The fruit is abundant, and highly prized.

87. *Sun-birds:*—Paroquets.

Striped squirrels raced, the mynas[88] perked and picked,
The seven brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets[89] stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air;
About the painted temple peacocks flew,[90]
The blue doves cooed from every well,[91] far off
The village drums[92] beat for some marriage-feast;
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,

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88. *Mynas:*—Indian robin—*Gracula Religiosa.*

89. *Egret:*—A dark, plain plumaged bird that is the constant companion of the black, hairless, domestic buffalo.

90. *About the painted temple peacocks flew:*—The Hindû temples are built of brick, and stuccoed over with a white cement. Its shining surface is gayly ornamented with outlined paintings of gods, saints, sacred animals, and geometric designs. Peacocks are considered sacred, and often belong to temples.

91. *The blue doves cooed from every well:*—The wells are built up with wide masonry curbs, on the top of which are little shallows for resting the round water-jars. The water gathers in these shallows, and from them the birds drink. In the temporary wells, dug in the sand, blue-plumaged rock pigeons build their nests in the holes in the sides.

92. *Village drums:*—Are the constant attendants of feasts, and are beaten almost without cessation, night and day, during the two, three, or four days of feasting.

Goading their velvet flanks: then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the bûlbûl,[93] which did hunt
The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
Who himself kills his fellow; seeing which—
The hungry ploughman and his labouring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to live which makes all living strife—
The Prince Sidhârtha sighed. "Is this," he said,
"That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! how hard
The oxen's service! in the brake how fierce
The war of weak and strong! i' th' air what plots!
No refuge e'en in water. Go aside
A space, and let me muse on what ye show."

So saying the good Lord Bûddha seated him
Under a jâmbû-tree,[94] with ankles crossed—

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93. *Bûlbûl:*—Nightingale.

94. *Jâmbû-tree:*—In Jâmbûdwîpa, a fabulous country supposed to lie south of Mount Sûmerû, is a wonderful tree called the jâmbû-tree. It is one thousand miles high, covers a space three

As holy statues sit—and first began
To meditate this deep disease of life,
What its far source and whence its remedy.
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain,
That by their stress his princely spirit passed
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dhyâna,[95] first step of "the path."

There flew
High overhead that hour five holy ones,
Whose free wings faltered as they passed the tree.
"What power superior draws us from our flight?"

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thousand miles in circumference, and bears continually a golden fruit as large as a water-vessel capable of holding sixteen gallons. "The fable probably arises in an exaggerated account of a pine-tree—the dêôdâr, god-wood—found in the Himâlaya Mountains. It grows to great size, and bears catkins of a bright yellow color in great profusion. The wind shakes from these a golden dust that apparently sheets the ground with gold for some distance about the tree." (Manual of Bûddhism.)

There is no tree in India known as the jâmbû-tree; but the Gûlâb Jâmam—*Eugenia Jâmbû*, rose-apple—under which the prince mused, is a beautiful tree, with low-drooping, graceful, and shining foliage. It blossoms the great part of the year in large and delicate tufts of palest green stamens, without apparent petals. The fruit is rather dry and insipid, save for its delicate taste and odor of rose. The ancient legends state that Bûddha was but five months old when this incident occurred.

95. *Dhyâna*:—Contemplation, the first of the four stages toward Bûddhahood.

They asked,—for spirits feel all force divine,
And know the sacred presence of the pure.
Then, looking downward, they beheld the Bûddh
Crowned with a rose-hued aureole, intent
On thoughts to save; while from the grove a voice
Cried, "Rishîs![96] this is He shall help the world,
Descend and worship." So the Bright Ones came
And sang a song of praise, folding their wings;
Then journeyed on, taking good news to Gods.

But certain from the King seeking the Prince
Found him still musing, though the noon was past,
And the sun hastened to the western hills:
Yet, while all shadows moved, the jâmbû-tree's
Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,
Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head;
And he who saw this sight heard a voice say,
Amid the blossoms of the rose-apple,
"Let be the King's son! till the shadow goes
Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift."

96. *Rishîs:*—Saints.

BOOK THE SECOND.

BOOK THE SECOND.

NOW, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The King commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses, one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for the winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles bedecked,
Pleasant at seed-time, when the champaks[1] bud—
Sûbha,[2] Sûramma,[3] Ramma,[4] were their names.
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,
Streams wandered wild, and musky thickets stretched,
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn,
In midst of which Sidhârtha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour;
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,
With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came

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1. *Champaks:*—Trees bearing gold colored flowers so exceedingly fragrant that the bees seldom alight on them. The timber is used in ship-building. The tree is sacred to Vishnû. *Michelia Champaca.*

2. *Sûbha:*—Pleasant or spring palace.

3. *Sûramma:*—Winter palace.

4. *Ramma:*—Summer palace.

The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Ministers:
"Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishî spake,"
He said, "and what my dream-readers foretold.
This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings—and this is in my heart;—
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains,
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
Do still incline amid my palaces.
But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me;
How may his feet be turned to that proud road
Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule?"

The eldest answered, "Mahârâja![5] love
Will cure these thin distempers; weave the spell
Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm?
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows;

5. *Mahârâja*:—Great prince.

The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds."

And all thought good.
But the King answered, "If we seek him wives,
Love chooseth ofttimes with another eye;
And if we bid range Beauty's garden round,
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
Then said another, "Roams the bârâsingh[6]
Until the fated arrow flies; for him,
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,
Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the world.
This do, my King! Command a festival
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace,[7] and sports that Sâkyas use.

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6. *Bârâsingh:*—Great-horned deer, each horn having twelve prongs. Bârâ—twelve; singh—horn.

7. —— *Command a festival*
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace.

In Vêdic times the daughters of princes had the choice of a husband from a crowd of candidates for her hand, or was given as a prize to that warrior who proved most skillful in the use of the bow. In Bûddha's case he seems to have been given the choice first, and showed his prowess afterward. This day of choice by a maiden was called her Swayamvara. The description of the young Râjas—princes—as they appeared at the Swayamvara of Damayanti, is a fine companion picture to Mr. Arnold's picture of the Kâpilavastû maidens:

Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eyes,
And cheat his Highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good; wherefore, upon a day,
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace, for 'twas in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. Thus flocked
Kâpilavastû's[8] maidens to the gate,

"At length the day of happy omen, the great day of the Swayamvara of Damayanti, dawned upon the city of Vidharba. And all the Râjas, sick with love, passed through the glittering portals, and the court of great columns, and entered the Hall of State, like lions entering their mountain lairs. And all the Râjas were adorned with fragrant garlands, and rich ear-rings of costly gems were hanging from their ears. And some had long arms, robust and vigorous as the ponderous battle-mace; whilst others were soft and delicately rounded as a smooth serpent. With bright and flowing hair, and arched eyebrows, their faces were as radiant as the stars; and they filled the Hall of State, as the serpents fill the under world, or as tigers fill the caves in the mountains. But when Damayanti entered the hall, every eye was fixed, and every soul entranced, at her dazzling loveliness; and all the Râjas gazed upon her beauty and were stricken with deep and passionate desire. Then the name of every Râja was proclaimed aloud, and Damayanti glanced around at the glittering crowd of suitors." (Wheeler's History of India, vol. i., p. 483.)

8. *Kâpilavastû.*—Bûddha's birthplace. For many centuries all

Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lustred with the sûrma-stick,[9]
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson,[10] and the tilka-spots[11] stamped bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes
Fixed on the ground; for when they saw the Prince
More than the awe of Majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sate so passionless,
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze;
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,

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knowledge of its exact location was unknown, until in 1875, when, under the Archæological Survey of India, it was discovered by Mr. Carlleyle. After the most careful comparison of supposed sites with ancient traditions, and the account left of it, and other well-known places of Bûddhist historical fame, as described by a Chinese priest who visited it in the seventh century, Mr. Carlleyle identified the village of Bhuila, with surrounding ruins, in the Bastî district, about twenty-five miles north of Faizabâd, as the ancient site of Kâpilavastû.

9. *Sûrma-stick:*—Pencil of lead used to darken the eyelashes.

10. *Slender hands and feet new-stained*
With crimson.

The women of India still follow the fashion of coloring the palms of their hands and soles of their feet with henna.

11. *Tilka-spots:*—A bit of gold tinsel, or a stamp of colored powder, worn between the eyebrows.

She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates
Trembling at favour, so divine he seemed,
So high and saint-like and above her world.
Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
Came young Yasôdhara,[12] and they that stood
Nearest Sidhârtha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mould; a gait like Parvatî's;[13]
Eyes like a hind's in love-time; face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full—folding her palms across her breasts—
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
"Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled.
"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take
This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist;

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12. *Yasôdhara* was born on the same day as Bûddha, and foreordained to be his queen. The horse Kântaka, the nobleman Channa, the personal attendant Ananda, and the messenger Udayî, were all born at the time of Bûddha's birth.

13. *Parvatî* was the wife of Shiv, one of the Hindû trinity. Her gait was like that of an elephant, gently swaying from side to side, a style that is greatly admired in India.

And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang
love.

Long after—when enlightenment was full—
Lord Bûddha, being prayed why thus his heart
Took fire at the first glance of the Sâkya girl,
Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
And all it seemed; in ages long gone by
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
By Yaman's[14] springs, where Nandadévî[15] stands,
Sate umpire while they raced beneath the firs
Like hares at eve that run their playful rings;
One with flower-stars he crowned; one with long
plumes
Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle-cock;
One with fir-apples; but who ran the last
Came first for him, and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
And in the wood they lived many glad years,
And in the wood they undivided died.
Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he and she Yasôdhara;

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14. *Yaman:*—The river Jamna, that flows past Agra and Delhî.

15. *Nandadévî:*—A sacred peak of the Himâlayas.

And while the wheel of birth and death turns round
That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told the careful King
How sate Sidhârtha heedless, till there passed
Great Sûprâbûddha's child, Yasôdhara;
And how—at sudden sight of her—he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel-gift, and what beside
Passed in their speaking glance.
The fond King smiled:
"Look! we have found a lure; take counsel now
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law
With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
Therefore her father spake: "Say to the King,
The child is sought by princes far and near;
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
Sway sword, and back a horse better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us:
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways?"
Then the King's heart was sore, for now the Prince

Begged sweet Yasôdhara for wife—in vain,
With Dévadatta foremost at the bow,
Ardjûna[16] master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda[17] chief in sword-play; but the Prince
Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have learned;
Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Sidhârtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasôdhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sâkya lords, and town and country round,
Unto the maidân;[18] and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music,[19] and with litters gaily dight,

16. *Ardjûna:*—Named for one of India's great warriors. One of the highest and grandest of the snowy range north of the Northwest Provinces. From its snows flows one of the chief sources of the Ganges.

17. *Nanda:*—Name for a god.

18. *Maidân:*—Plain or park.

19. *With music:*—The instruments accompanying wedding processions are mostly drums and horns. Of a list of thirty-five musical instruments given in an Indian hand-book, ten are varieties of drums, eleven are stringed instruments, mostly stringed gourds, and eight are horns or pipes; the remaining six are cymbals and smaller instruments. The singers all sing one part, as

And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned:[20]
Whom Dévadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjûna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there; till the Prince came
Riding his white horse Kântaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without:
Also Sidhârtha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and griefs.
But when the Prince saw sweet Yasôdhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein.
Leaped to the earth from Kântaka's broad back,
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest; let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test

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harmony is unknown to the Hindûs; many of their melodies, however, are pleasing, and if introduced to the Western world, would become popular.

20. —— *and with litters gaily dight,*
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned.

The wedding color is red, usually that known as "Turkey red." The bride is, if possible, dressed in red silk; the palanquins are hung around with red, also the carriages. The horns of the oxen are gilded or colored with red; also their tails and hoofs; also the manes, tails, and hoofs of horses that may be in the procession; bells are hung upon the carriage-wheels, and garlands of strung jasmine blossoms are put about the necks of the oxen.

And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjûna six and Dévadatta eight;
But Prince Sidhârtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows[21] from off the line, until it seemed
A cowry-shell[22] for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjûna his,
And Dévadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
Marvelled and cried; and sweet Yasôdhara
Dropped the gold sârî[23] o'er her fearful eyes,
Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it—low laughing—drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
"That is for play, not love," he said; "hath none
A bow more fit for Sâkya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahânû's bow,[24]
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,

21. *Ten gows:*—Twenty miles.

22. *A cowry-shell* is about two-thirds of an inch in length.

23. *Gold sârî:*—A large veil, nearly enwrapping the whole person.

24. *Sinhahânû's bow:*—The bow of his grandfather.

Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison-horns; and twice Sidhârtha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake—"Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a hand's-breadth nigher use;
Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,[25]

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25. *Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow:*—The legend, with usual extravagance of description, says that Sidhârtha took "this bow that required the strength of a thousand men to bend it, and, placing the lower end on the nail of the great toe of his right foot, without standing up, thrummed the string of the bow with his finger-nail as easily as if it were merely the bow by which cotton is cleaned." The vibration rolled ten thousand miles. Then he placed four plantain-trees at the corners of a square, and by one flight of the arrow pierced them all. Marvelous archery is a favorite theme in the mythology, history, and poetry of India. In the Râmâyan, the great epic poem of India, an archery feat even greater than this of Sidhârtha's is described. Râma, the hero of the poem, at the winning of his wife Sîta, used a bow which had required the combined strength of five thousand youths to fetch in its casket. Râma—

> "Before the thousands of the court,
> The weapon by the middle raised,
> That all the crowd in wonder gazed.
> With steady arm the string he drew,
> Till burst the mighty bow in two.
> As snapped the bow in awful clang,
> Loud as the shriek of tempests rang,
> The earth affrighted shook amain,
> As when a hill is rent in twain;
> Then senseless at the fearful sound,
> The people fell upon the ground;
> None save the king, the princely pair,
> And the great saint the shock could bear."

In the Mahâbhârata several wonderful feats of archery are

Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud,
That feeble folk at home that day inquired

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described, but none can be more appropriately given in this connection than some extracts from the Swayamvara of Draupadî:

"And when they reached that city they found a vast number of Râjas encamped, with a great host of troops and elephants, and multitudes of Brâhmins, Kshatriyas, traveling merchants, showmen, and spectators. And there was set apart without the city a large plain, inclosed by barriers, in which the Râjas were to exhibit their skill in archery; and around the plain were many glittering pavilions for the lodging of the more distinguished guests, and also raised galleries from which to behold the performances. And at one end of the plain was a tall pole, and on the top of this pole was a golden fish, and below the fish was a chakra ever whirling round; and the rule of the Swayamvara was, that whoever discharged an arrow through the chakra at the first shot, and struck the eye of the golden fish, that man should be the husband of the daughter of Râja Draupada."

After sixteen days of feasting, "the moment arrived when the young Princess was to exhibit herself in all her loveliness to those who hoped to gain her for a bride; and the beautiful damsel was dressed in elegant array, and adorned with radiant gems, and led into the arena, carrying in her hand the garland which she was to throw over the neck of that fortunate hero who might have the fortune to win her to be his wife. Then the different choirs of Brâhmins chanted Vêdic hymns to the glory and praise of the gods, and filled the heavens and the earth with the music of their prayers. After this, and amidst a universal silence, the Prince Dhrishta-dyûmna, who was the brother of Draupadî, stood by the side of his resplendent sister, and proclaimed that whosoever shot the arrow through the chakra in the first attempt, and struck the eye of the golden fish, should have the Princess for his wife. Then the Prince told into the ears of Draupadî the name and line-

"What is this sound?" and people answered them,
"It is the sound of Sinhahânû's bow,
Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot."
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,

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age of every one of her suitors; and he also told her, in the hearing of all, that she must place the garland round the neck of the man who struck the fish, and accept him for her husband from that day. Dhrishta-dyûmna then turned to the Râjas and chieftains, and said: 'Here stands this lady, my sister; whoever feels confident in his skill and strength that he can hit the mark in a single trial, let him arise and fulfill the conditions of the Swayamvara.'

"At these words the Râjas arose from their seats and approached the pole on which the golden fish was fixed, and the chakra below it ever turning round, and they viewed the strong and heavy bow from which the arrow was to be discharged. Now every man was jealous of the other, and yet, for a long while, no chieftain would take up the bow, lest he should fail to bend it, and thus excite the laughter of the multitude. Presently a Râja stepped before his fellows and tried to bend the bow, but could not; and another and yet another essayed in like manner to string the bow, but all were alike unable to do so because of its great size and strength. Then, many of the Râjas made the attempt, and they strained themselves to the very uttermost, casting aside their robes and collars, and putting forth their whole strength; but not one amongst them could bend the bow.

"'All this time the Pandavas—five brother princes—had been standing amongst the crowd disguised as Brâhmins; but suddenly Ardjûna, one of the brothers, advanced and lifted the bow, and a cry of astonishment ran through the assembly at seeing a Brâhmin attempt to compete at a Swayamvara. Some there were who jeered at Ardjûna, and said: 'Shall a Brâhmin do this great thing which all the mighty Râjas have failed to do?' Others cried: 'Unless the Brâhmin knew his own skill and strength, he would not make the essay.' And all the real Brâhmins that were present were fearful lest the attempt should offend the Râjas, so that the

And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Next, Dévadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas-tree[26] six fingers thick;[27]
Ardjûna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;
But two such stems together grew, and both
Sidhârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,

Râjas should give them no gifts, and they entreated Ardjûna to withdraw; but Ardjûna was heedless alike of words of blame or words of encouragement, and he offered up a mental prayer to his tutor, Drôna, and then bent the bow and drew the cord, and fitting the arrow to the string, he discharged it through the center of the chakra, and struck the eye of the golden fish. Then a roar of acclamations arose from the vast assembly like the crash and roll of distant thunder; and the Brâhmins waved their scarfs in the greatness of their delight, and the drums and trumpets filled the air with joyous music. And the beautiful Draupadî was filled with joy and wonder at the youth and grace of the hero who struck the golden fish, and she came forward as she had been commanded by her brother, and threw the garland round the neck of Ardjûna, and permitted him to lead her away, according to the rule of the Swayamvara." (Wheeler's History of India, vol. i., p. 119.)

To the single arrow test of the earlier centuries, other feats of strength and skill were subsequently added; but ultimately the Swayamvara was abandoned on account of the feuds and wars that arose from the jealousies and hatreds that these assemblies excited, and the custom of infant marriages was introduced, thus precluding such occasions of war.

26. *And clove a Talas-tree:*—Palm-tree.

27. *Six fingers thick:*—This must be understood as the *width* of six fingers laid one against another, not as six fingers' *length.*

Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
Trembled anew seeing the trees erect;
Until the Dévas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns
Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds,
High-mettled, nobly-bred, and three times scoured
Around the maidân, but white Kântaka
Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear-lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
"We too might win with such as Kântaka;
Fetch an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces[28] brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young Sâkya
Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame; only Ardjûna held
His seat awhile; and, bidding loose the chains,
Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held

28. *Syces:*—Grooms.

The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjûna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
"Let not Sidhârtha meddle with this Bhût,[29]
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame;" but the Prince said, "Let go the chains,
Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face,
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
As though he knew our Lord and worshiped him.
Nor stirred he while Sidhârtha mounted; then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
"Strive no more, for Sidhârtha is the best."

And all the suitors answered, "He is best!"
And Sûprabûddha, father of the maid,
Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,

29. *Bhût:*—Evil spirit.

Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
Of manhood 'mid thy rose-bowers and thy dreams
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?
But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast won."
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and took
A crown of môgra-flowers,[30] and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,
Proud pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Sidhârtha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.
Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial beaming with glad love;
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,
And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
Saying, "Dear Prince, behold me, who am thine!"
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after—when enlightenment was come—
They prayed Lord Bûddha touching all, and why
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.
And the World-honoured answered, "Unto me

30. *Môgra:*—Double Arabian jasmine.

This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known;
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
Past things and thoughts, and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himâla's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;
I, who am Bûddh, couched in the kûsâ grass[31]
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds

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31. *Kûsâ grass:*—"Every law book and almost every poem in Sanskrit contains frequent allusion to the holiness of this plant, and in the fourth Véda we have the following address to it at the close of a terrible incantation: 'Thee, O Dharba, the learned proclaim a divinity not subject to age or death; thee they call the armor of Indrâ, the preserver of religions, the destroyer of enemies —a gem that giveth increase to the fields. At the time when the ocean resounded, when the clouds murmured, and the lightnings flashed, then was Dharba produced, pure as a drop of fine gold!' Some of the leaves taper to a most acute evanescent point, whence the Pandits often say of a very sharp-minded man, that his intellects are as acute as the point of a kûsâ leaf." (Sir William Jones, vol. ii., Essay on Plants of India.) "Pandits—Hindû teachers—say that the kûsâ grass is equal in sanctity to gold, as both are produced from the earth, and as gold is the chief of metals, so is this of grasses. It is especially holy, and is in great demand in almost all the native offerings and religious ceremonies of the Hindûs, particularly in presenting water to the manes of their ancestors. The reason of selecting it is, that the mouths of these ghosts are so small at first that the libation offered them can only enter by being poured along one of these fine sharp roots. It is considered very desirable that a man should die upon a bed of kûsâ, and it is consequently the duty of attendant relations to spread the grass on the floor, and, after covering it with a cloth, to lay the dying man upon it, in order that he may emit his last breath in that hallowed position." (Phillips' Missionary Vade Mecum, p. 221.)

Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day-lair; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jhîl,[32]
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yasôdhara
Wore for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while, underneath a nîm [33]
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
And I remember, at the end she came,
Snarling, past this and that torn forest-lord
Whom I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high." [34]

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32. *Jhîl:*—Marsh.

33. *Nîm:*—Margôsa, or bitter-tree — Melia azadirachta — or ash-leaved bead-tree; considered sacred, as it once had the honor of supporting the sun. An eminent saint visited another saint named Bhâskara Achârya, who was supposed to have been an incarnation of the sun. The two saints were engaged in discussion until sunset, when Bhâskara offered his guest food. Neither of them could eat after dark, so Bhâskara stopped the further descent of the sun, and ordered him to take up his abode in a neighboring nîm-tree until the food should be cooked and eaten and the sun obeyed.

34. *The wheel of birth and death turns low and high:*—The

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince
A willing spoil; and when the stars were good—
Mésha,[35] the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven—
The marriage feast was kept, as Sâkyas use,
The golden gadî[36] set, the carpet spread,
The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,[37]
The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,[38]
The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
Which, coming close, betokened "love till death;"

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supposed law of transmigration, which requires that every soul shall be born in every form of animal existence during its passage from creation to Nirvâna.

35. *Mésha:*—The sign of Aries.

36. *Gadî:*—Cushion, throne, or exalted seat.

37. *The arm-threads tied:*—This ceremony is conducted with more state and solemnity than any other during the marriage festival. It consists in fastening on the right wrist of the young man, and on the left of the girl, a bit of saffron, called the kaukanam.

38. *The rice and attar thrown:*—During the wedding ceremonies, which usually last about five days, two baskets, made of bambû, are placed close together; the bride steps into one, the bridegroom into the other. Two other baskets are brought, filled with ground rice; the husband empties one over the head of the bride, and she pours the other over him. This they repeat until they are weary, or are admonished that it is enough. In the marriage of princes, pearls and perfumes are sometimes used in place of rice. (Abbé Dubois' Works.)

The seven steps taken thrice around the fire:—The sacred fire, and the three circuits which the young couple make around the fire, indicate the ratification of a mutual agreement between them, as there is nothing more solemn than what is transacted over this element, which, among the Hindûs, is the most pure of the deities, and therefore fitter than all others to ratify the solemn oaths of which it is the most faithful memorial. (Abbé Dubois' Works.)

The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
And temple-offerings made, the mantras[39] sung,
The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.
Then the grey father spake: "Worshipful Prince,
She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
Be good to her, who hath her life in thee."
Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,
With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
And love was all in all.

Yet not to love
Alone trusted the King; love's prison-house
Stately and beautiful he bade them build,
So that in all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place.
Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose
A verdant hill whose base Rôhînî[40] bathed,
Murmuring adown from Himâlay's broad feet,
To bear its tribute into Ganga's[41] waves.

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39. *Mantras* are variously hymns, incantations, prayers or ascriptions of praise to the gods. It is with great reluctance that the Hindûs communicate these to any other than those of their own caste. Mr. Wilson fully understood the dislike Hindûs have of imparting these sacred words, and seriously doubted if they could be trusted even when they professed to impart them.

40. *Rôhînî*:—A river in the eastern part of Oude.

41. *Ganga*:—Ganges.

Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sâl,[42]
Thick set with pale sky-coloured ganthî flowers,[43]
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
Buzz out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared
The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,[44]
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.
Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp-laced

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42. *Sâl:*—A common timber tree, *Shorea Robusta.*

43. *Ganthî flowers:*—Clusters of.

44. *Northwards soared*
The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall.

This is a beautiful and most accurate description of the Himâlaya mountains. The closing lines,

—— under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars,

are unsurpassed for truth and beauty. The combined views of the snowy range and the plains from the lower ranges—seven to ten thousand feet—are magnificent beyond description. The spectator, looking away to the snows a hundred miles distant on the one hand, and over the plains for thirty or forty miles on the other, with hill, mountain, and valley rising and falling far away to the east and west, has such a view as no other place on earth affords.

With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds:
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles: under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—
Râdhâ and Krishna and the sylvan girls—[45]
Sîta[46] and Hanûmân[47] and Draupadî;[48]

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45. *Râdhâ and Krishna and the sylvan girls:*—Krishna was one of the nine incarnations of Vishnû, and is one of the most worshiped gods of India. His life was so foul that no literal translation of his history could be published in this country, and yet the story is read to persons of all ages and both sexes in India. Many fine sayings are attributed to Krishna, and these, Sanskrit scholars have given to the Western world; but the parts most attractive to uncultivated and carnal minds are necessarily suppressed. Râdhâ was the chief of his thirty thousand mistresses, and she, not his lawful wife, is always pictured and worshiped with him.

46. *Sîta* was the beautiful wife that Râma won when he broke the bow that five thousand youths could scarcely carry. Later, when Râma's father would have placed this, his eldest son, on the throne, a second wife steps in and claims the fulfillment of a long-forgotten promise that her son should be heir to the throne. Râma, to avoid discord, and upon the advice of his father, becomes a hermit. Sîta insists on accompanying him, though he, in the

And on the middle porch, god Ganésha,
With disc and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—

---

most tender language, beseeches her not to undertake such hardships and discomforts for his sake. Sîta insists that "wherever the husband may be, the wife must dwell in the shadow of his foot," and for ten years they wander in the jungle. They visit the dwellings of the most celebrated hermits; a female hermit, named Anasûya, talks to Sîta, who tells Anasûya of her birth, and says:

"My preceptor taught me ever to reverence my mother earth, and to strive to be as pure and true and brave as she, and he called me Sîta because I sprang out of a furrow of the ground." Anasûya says: "Thou hast indeed the courage of the brave earth-mother, for thou hast not feared to face the scorching heat, and the biting winds, and the angry storm; and thou art so noble, too, Sîta, for thou hast lavished thy beauty on the sorrowful, and hast sought to make even the path of exile sweet to thy beloved." Râwan, the monstrous king of Ceylon, one day in the absence of Râma made the beautiful Sîta his most unwilling captive, and carried her through the air to his capital. Sîta has naught but bitterness for her captor, and tells him that Râma will deliver her and destroy him. Râma instituted a search for her, and with the assistance of Hanûmân—the monkey god—who took a flying leap of sixty miles from the mainland to Ceylon—found Sîta. A mighty war ensued, the giant was slain, and Sîta recovered. To prove her purity to Râma, she passed through a fire ordeal, and ever since her name has been the synonym for wifely constancy and noble devotion.

47. *Hanûmân:*—A monkey god. A monkey is the special attendant of the god Vishnû, hence all monkeys are held sacred, and in the vicinity of temples, where none dare kill them, they become a pest.

48. *Draupadî* was the maiden won by Ardjûna, who shot the fish through the whirling chakra. By the unfortunate exclamation of his mother, who, on being told by the brothers that they had made a fine acquisition, said, "Go and share it, you five

Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.[49]
By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White, with pink veins; the lintel lazuli,

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brothers, amongst yourselves and eat it," she was compelled to be a wife for all of them. Her difficult place she filled with rare credit and honor.

49. *God Ganésha,*
With disc and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.

Ganésh is the god of wisdom, eloquence, and obstacles. The Abbé Dubois gives the following account of the cause of the remarkable elephant head which Ganésh bears: "The god Kûmara, who had long entertained a grudge against Ganésh, finding him alone one day, cut off his head. Shiv, his father, was much grieved when he heard of the misfortune, and being desirous to repair it, he made a vow that he would cut off the head of the first living creature he should find with his head lying toward the north, and unite to the trunk of Ganésh. In acting on this design, the first animal he met with lying in this position was an elephant, the head of which he cut off and set on the neck of Ganésh, and thus restored him to life. The mother of Ganésh was terrified and agonized to find her son with such a deformity, but was pacified on being assured by Brâhmâ that Ganésh should be the most worshiped of all gods. Ganésh, as the god of obstacles, though he has no temples, is more frequently invoked than any other god in India, as every undertaking, even the worship of the gods, must be prefaced with prayer to him. Every book in the Hindû and Sanskrit languages opens with an invocation to Ganésh, usually, Srî Ganésha nâma—to the honorable Ganésh respect." The following is an introduction to a treatise on geometry: "Having bowed to Ganésh, whose head is like an elephant, whose feet are adored by the gods, who, when called to mind, restores his votaries from embarrassment, and bestows happiness on his worshipers, I propound this easy method of computation."

The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling;
Whereby two lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nîlambo[50]—danced; and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and grey,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendours of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit;
The yellow sunbirds whirred from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand;
For all was peace: the shy black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
And all this House of love was peopled fair
With sweet attendance, so that in each part
With lovely sights were gentle faces found,

50. *Nîlambo:*—Dark-blue flowers.

Soft speech and willing service; each one glad
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey;
Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream
Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasôdhara
Queen of the enchanting Court.
But, innermost,
Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had spent
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.
The entrance of it was a cloistered square—
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs
Of milk-white marble; bordered round the tank
And on the steps, and all along the frieze
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very Day paused and grew Eve
In love and silence at that bower's gate;
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell,
Of nakré[51] and stained stars of lucent film,
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,

51. *Of nakré*:—Silvery whiteness, or panes of mica.

And heavy splendour of the pardâh's[52] fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himâlay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nâtch-girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vîna-strings;[53] while essences

52. *Pardâh:*—Curtain.

53. *And silver vîna-strings:*—The vîna is one of the most ancient of the musical instruments of India. A hollow gourd is fastened near either end of a bar that is strung with three steel and four brass or silver wires; these are played with plectrums, usually fish scales, fastened with springs or tied with thread to the little finger and two first fingers of the right hand. An English writer claims that "it is an instrument of the greatest capacity and power;

Of musk and champak, and the blue haze spread
From burning spices, soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara; and thus
Sidhârtha lived forgetting.
Furthermore,
The King commanded that within those walls
No mention should be made of death or age,
Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. If one drooped
In the lovely Court—her dark glance dim, her feet
Faint in the dance—the guiltless criminal
Passed forth an exile from that Paradise,
Lest he should see and suffer at her woe.
Bright-eyed intendants watched to execute
Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world
Without, where aches and plagues were, tears and fears,
And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.
'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed
In tress of singing-girl or nâtch-dancer;
And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,
The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed:
For, said the King, "If he shall pass his youth
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,

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and a really superior vîna, in the hands of an expert performer, is, perhaps, little inferior to a fine-toned piano."

May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow
To that great stature of fair sovereignty[54]
When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—
The King of kings and Glory of his time."

Wherefore, around that pleasant prison-house—
Where love was gaoler and delights its bars—
But far removed from sight, the King bade build
A massive wall, and in the wall a gate
With brazen folding-doors, which but to roll
Back on their hinges asked a hundred arms;
Also the noise of that prodigious gate
Opening, was heard full half a yôjana.[55]
And inside this another gate he made,
And yet within another—through the three
Must one pass if he quit that Pleasure-house.
Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred,
And over each was set a faithful watch;
And the King's order said, "Suffer no man
To pass the gates, though he should be the Prince:
This on your lives—even though it be my son."

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54. *To that great stature of fair sovereignty:*—To be a chakravartin.

55. *Yôjana:*—Mr. Carlleyle, in surveying for his discoveries of ancient Bûddhist sites, estimated the Yôjana, mentioned by the Chinese pilgrim, as five miles.

BOOK THE THIRD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

IN which calm home of happy life and love
Ligged our Lord Bûddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
And land awearied on the shores of day,
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.
Thus ofttimes, when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,
He would start up and cry, "My world! Oh, world!
I hear! I know! I come!" And she would ask,
"What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck;
For at such times the pity in his look
Was awful, and his visage like a god's.
Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vînas sound; but once they set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—
And those who lay around heard only that;
But Prince Sidhârtha heard the Dévas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these:—

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

O Mayâ's son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings: we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Mayâ's child! wake! slumber not again!

We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.

Thereafter it befell he sate at eve
Amid his beauteous Court, holding the hand
Of sweet Yasôdhara, and some maid told—
With breaks of music when her rich voice dropped—
An ancient tale to speed the hour of dusk,
Of love, and of a magic horse, and lands
Wonderful, distant, where pale peoples dwelled,
And where the sun at night sank into seas.
Then spake he, sighing, "Chitra brings me back
The wind's song in the strings with that fair tale:
Give her, Yasôdhara, thy pearl for thanks.
But thou, my pearl! is there so wide a world?
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll
Into the waves, and are their hearts like ours,
Countless, unknown, not happy—it may be—
Whom we might succour if we knew of them?
Ofttimes I marvel, as the Lord of day
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,
Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,

The children of the morning; oftentimes,
Even in thine arms and on thy breasts, bright wife,
Sore have I panted, at the sun's decline,
To pass with him into that crimson west,
And see the peoples of the evening.
There must be many we should love—how else?
Now have I in this hour an ache, at last,
Thy soft lips cannot kiss away: oh, girl!
O Chitra![1] you that know of fairyland!
Where tether they that swift steed of thy tale?
My palace for one day upon his back,
To ride and ride and see the spread of the earth;
Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes—
The carrion heir of wider realms than mine—
How would I stretch for topmost Himâlay,
Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows,
And strain my gaze with searching what is round!
Why have I never seen and never sought?
Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates."

Then one replied, "The city first, fair Prince!
The temples, and the gardens, and the groves,
And then the fields; and afterwards fresh fields,
With nallâhs,[2] maidâns,[3] jungle, kôs on kôs;[4]

1. *Chitra:*—The name of the fourteenth mansion of the moon.
2. *Nallâhs:*—Ravines.
3. *Maidân:*—Plain.
4. *Kôs:*—About two miles.

And next King Bîmbisâra's realm, and then
The vast flat world, with crôrs on crôrs[5] of folk."
"Good," said Sidhârtha; "let the word be sent
That Channa yoke my chariot—at noon
To-morrow I shall ride and see beyond."

Whereof they told the King: "Our Lord, thy son
Wills that his chariot be yoked at noon,
That he may ride abroad and see mankind."

"Yea!" spake the careful King, "'tis time he see;
But let the criers go about and bid
My city deck itself, so there be met
No noisome sight; and let none blind or maimed,
None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk come forth."
Therefore the stones were swept, and up and down
The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets
From spirting skins,[6] the housewives scattered fresh
Red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths,
And trimmed the tûlsî-bush[7] before their doors.

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5. *Crôrs:*—A crôr is ten millions.

6. *The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets*
From spirting skins.

The water-carriers of India bear water in goat-skins on the back. The neck of the skin is left open; this the carriers grasp with the left hand, and, by a little dexterous movement, are able to throw the water in small streams quite a distance.

7. *Tûlsî-bush:*—Ocymum sanctum, sweet basil. The basil is

The paintings on the walls were heightened up
With liberal brush, the trees set thick with flags,
The idols gilded; in the four-went ways
Sûryâdéva[8] and the great gods shone
'Mid shrines of leaves; so that the city seemed
A capital of some enchanted land.
Also the criers passed, with drum and gong,
Proclaiming loudly, "Ho! all citizens,
The King commands that there be seen to-day
No evil sight: let no one blind or maimed,

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considered sacred by the Hindûs, and is constantly used in religious services. One tradition says that Tûlsî was a nymph beloved by Krishna, and by him metamorphosed into this plant. A more commonly received tradition is that Tûlsî wished to become the wife of Vishnû, but was turned by the curse of Lakshmî, Vishnû's wife, into the basil or tûlsî-plant. Vishnû, not pleased with this, promised Tûlsî that he would always continue with her in the form of the Salagram, or Ammonite stone, found in the rivers of Nîpâl. For this reason the Hindûs who worship Vishnû keep leaves of the basil above and below a salagram in the temples, and adorn their temples and houses with pictures of the salagram and basil, the women paying particular attention to the cultivation of the latter.

In the south of India, little pyramids of masonry, from one and a half to five feet high, with the apex cut off, are built by the road-sides, and in a depression in the top are growing tûlsî-plants, which are daily tended by loving hands. Every morning the ground about it is plastered with a thin coat of cow-dung and a grey clay, and at night a tiny lamp is hung near it. During the two hottest months of the year, a jar of water is suspended over it, from which it constantly receives moisture.

8. *Sûryâdéva:*—The sun god, who is represented in statuary as seated on a chariot drawn by seven horses.

None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk go forth.
Let none, too, burn his dead nor bring them out
'Till nightfall. Thus Sûddhôdana commands."

So all was comely and the houses trim
Throughout Kâpilavastû, while the Prince
Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,[9]
Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps, and huge humps
Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke.
Goodly it was to mark the people's joy
Greeting their Prince;[10] and glad Sidhârtha waxed
At sight of all those liege and friendly folk

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9. *Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew:*—The pleasure-carriages of the Hindûs usually have two, sometimes four heavy, untired wheels. The floor of the carriage is made of interlaced rope or woven cane, and is without springs or seats. On this the rider sits tailor-fashion, or, for a change, with feet hanging in some convenient place among the wheels. The driver sits in front, astride the cumbrous and ornamented tongue. The top of the carriage is dome-like in shape, and hung with fringed curtains of white cotton, or red silk, as the owner can afford. The oxen used for these carriages are as much objects of pride and care as carriage-horses in the West. They are never used for labor, and are beautiful animals. They trot with considerable speed, and, on the ordinary country roads, are not excelled by the European horse and buggy.

10. Some of the marvels attributed to Bûddha may be estimated more nearly at their true value when we understand Oriental greeting and adulation of princes. In this year of 1890, so average a young man as Prince Victor, son of the Prince of Wales, was

Bright-clad[11] and laughing as if life were good.
"Fair is the world," he said, "it likes me well!

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greeted in Burmah with welcome odes, of which the following are attempts at translation:

On the water the English strike lightning with torpedoes,
On the land they reduce whole mountains with dynamite;
With rainbow-like head-dress of pure rubies, he is second Indrâ,
With breeches flashing like lightning, and worth a hundred thousand pieces of gold, bright as the sun in his glory, and supreme on the earth!
Mirror of the heir-apparent, his royal father, like a diamond he is falling from the sky!
Fair of face, with shoes of gold set with gems!
Ruler of all armies, at his coming the earth and seas tremble!
Wise as Indrâ, all Burmah feels his power!
Searching for enemies, and glorious as the sun, he subdues the whole world with bombs and drums!
Under his glory and power, let us be happy and joyful!

Second ode:

Omen of victory! light of the sun! come, let us gaze on the rising sun!
He travels over the whole earth, and at his coming in all the land there is peace!
His wisdom is as a thousand rays of the sun, and subdues the whole earth!
All his enemies fall before his victorious drums, and there is peace!

11. *Bright-clad:*—Probably no people present a brighter appearance on a gala day than do the Hindûs, of the north country particularly. The great majority of the men dress in white muslin coats and trousers, that, on such occasions, are marvelously white and clean. The turbans are of white, rose-pink, pale-green, lavender, or other delicate shade, or often of turkey-red, with red kammarband, or waist scarf. Priests and religious mendicants wear ocher-colored garments; the native police have uniforms of rifle-green, with red turbans and kammarbands; the women generally wear skirts of dark blue or red, with large veils of white or bright-colored muslin, spangled or gayly bordered; and among the crowd is sure to be a sprinkling of grandees in silks, cashmere shawls, cloth of gold, or brilliant array of some sort, attended by white-robed servants wearing scarlet sashes, swords, and gay turbans.

And light and kind these men that are not kings,
And sweet my sisters here, who toil and tend;
What have I done for these to make them thus?
Why, if I love them, should those children know?
I pray take up yon pretty Sâkya boy
Who flung us flowers, and let him ride with me.
How good it is to reign in realms like this!
How simple pleasure is, if these be pleased
Because I come abroad! How many things
I need not if such little households hold
Enough to make our city full of smiles!
Drive, Channa! through the gates, and let me see
More of this gracious world I have not known."

So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths; some stroked
Their silken flanks; some brought them rice and cakes,
All crying, "*Jai! jai!*[12] for our noble Prince!"
Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks
And filled with fair sights—for the King's word was
That such should be—when midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,
An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,

12. *Jai! jai!*:—Hail, hail!

Clung like a beast's hide to its fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy. One skinny hand
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath.
"Alms!" moaned he, "give, good people! for I die
To-morrow or the next day!" then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood
Blinking, and groaning 'mid his spasms, "Alms!"
Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet
Aside, and thrust him from the road again,
Saying, "The Prince! dost see? get to thy lair!"
But that Sidhârtha cried, "Let be! let be!
Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad?
Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he
Moaning 'to-morrow or next day I die?'
Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?
What woe hath happened to this piteous one?"
Then answer made the charioteer, "Sweet Prince!
This is no other than an aged man;
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,

His eye bright, and his body goodly: now
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit;
His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black;
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark
Which flickers for the finish: such is age;
Why should your Highness heed?" Then spake the Prince:
"But shall this come to others, or to all,
Or is it rare that one should be as he?"
"Most noble," answered Channa, "even as he,
Will all these grow if they shall live so long."
"But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long
Shall I be thus; and if Yasôdhara
Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,
Jâlînî,[13] little Hastâ,[14] Gôtamî,[15]
And Ganga,[16] and the others?" "Yea, great Sir!"
The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince:
"Turn back, and drive me to my house again!
I have seen that I did not think to see."

Which pondering, to his beauteous Court returned
Wistful Sidhârtha, sad of mien and mood;

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13. *Jâlînî:*—Feminine for Galen.
14. *Hastâ:*—Named for the fourteenth mansion of the moon.
15. *Gôtamî:*—Feminine for Gôtama.
16. *Ganga:*—Named for the Ganges.

Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits
Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up
While the best palace-dancers strove to charm:
Nor spake—save one sad thing—when wofully
Yasôdhara sank to his feet and wept,
Sighing, "Hath not my Lord comfort in me?"
"Ah, Sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul
Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,[17]
And we shall both grow old, Yasôdhara!
Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.
Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips
So close that night and day our breaths grew one,
Time would thrust in between to filch away
My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals
The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to grey
And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my heart is fixed to think how Love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old." So through that night he sate
Sleepless, uncomforted.

And all that night
The King Sûddhôdana dreamed troublous dreams.

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17. *"Ah, Sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end."*

Compare this mournful, hopeless fear of love's decay, as seen from a heathen stand-point, with dear old "John Anderson, my Joe, John," the song of Christian lovers.

The first fear of his vision was a flag
Broad, glorious, glistening with a golden sun,
The mark of Indrâ;[18] but a strong wind blew,
Rending its folds divine, and dashing it
Into the dust; whereat a concourse came
Of shadowy Ones, who took the spoiled silk up
And bore it eastward from the city gates.
The second fear was ten huge elephants,
With silver tusks and feet that shook the earth,
Trampling the southern road in mighty march;
And he who sate upon the foremost beast
Was the King's son—the others followed him.
The third fear of the vision was a car,
Shining with blinding light, which four steeds drew,
Snorting white smoke and champing fiery foam;
And in the car the Prince Sidhârtha sate.
The fourth fear was a wheel which turned and turned,
With nave of burning gold and jewelled spokes,
And strange things written on the binding tire,
Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled.
The fifth fear was a mighty drum, set down
Midway between the city and the hills,
On which the Prince beat with an iron mace,
So that the sound pealed like a thunderstorm,
Rolling around the sky and far away.

18. *Indrâ* was one of the original deities of India, and before the introduction of Brâhminism, held in the Indian pantheon about the same relation as Jupiter in the Grecian.

The sixth fear was a tower, which rose and rose
High o'er the city till its stately head
Shone crowned with clouds, and on the top the Prince
Stood, scattering from both hands, this way and that,
Gems of most lovely light, as if it rained
Jacynths and rubies; and the whole world came,
Striving to seize those treasures as they fell
Towards the four quarters. But the seventh fear was
A noise of wailing, and behold six men
Who wept and gnashed their teeth, and laid their palms
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate.

These seven fears made the vision of his sleep,
But none of all his wisest dream-readers
Could tell their meaning. Then the King was wroth,
Saying, "There cometh evil to my house,
And none of ye have wit to help me know
What the great gods portend sending me this."
So in the city men went sorrowful
Because the King had dreamed seven signs of fear
Which none could read; but to the gate there came
An aged man, in robe of deer-skin clad,
By guise a hermit, known to none; he cried,
"Bring me before the King, for I can read
The vision of his sleep;" who, when he heard
The sevenfold mysteries of the midnight dream,
Bowed reverent and said, "O Mahârâj![19]

19. *O Mahârâj:*—Great ruler; a title only given to Hindûs.

I hail this favoured House, whence shall arise
A wider-reaching splendour than the sun's!
Lo! all these seven fears are seven joys,
Whereof the first, where thou didst see a flag—
Broad, glorious, gilt with Indrâ's badge—cast down
And carried out, did signify the end
Of old faiths and beginning of the new;
For there is change with gods not less than men,
And as the days pass kalpas pass—at length.
The ten great elephants that shook the earth
The ten great gifts of wisdom signify,[20]
In strength whereof the Prince shall quit his state
And shake the world with passage of the Truth.
The four flame-breathing horses of the car
Are those four fearless virtues[21] which shall bring

20. *The ten great gifts of wisdom signify:*—Mr. Hardy enumerates these gifts as follows: "1. The wisdom that understands what knowledge is necessary for the right fulfillment of any particular duty, in whatsoever situation. 2. That which knows the result or consequence of karmâ. 3. That which knows the way to the attainment of Nirvâna. 4. That which sees the various sakwâlas. 5. That which knows the thoughts of other beings. 6. That which knows that the organs of sense are not the self. 7. That which knows the purity produced by the exercise of the dhyânas. 8. That which knows where any one was born in all his former births. 9. That which knows where any one will be born in all future births. 10. That which knows how the results proceeding from karmâ—action—may be overcome."

21. *Are those four fearless virtues:*—The first path or virtue is the awakening of the heart when it is perceived that pain is inseparable from existence; that all earthly good leads to sorrow;

Thy son from doubt and gloom to gladsome light;
The wheel that turned with nave of burning gold
Was that most precious Wheel of perfect Law
Which he shall turn in sight of all the world.
The mighty drum whereon the Prince did beat,
Till the sound filled all lands, doth signify
The thunder of the preaching of the Word
Which he shall preach; the tower that grew to heaven
The growing of the Gospel of this Bûddh
Sets forth; and those rare jewels scattered thence
The untold treasures are of that good Law
To gods and men dear and desirable.
Such is the interpretation of the tower;
But for those six men weeping with shut mouths,
They are the six chief teachers whom thy son
Shall, with bright truth and speech unanswerable,
Convince of foolishness. O King! rejoice;
The fortune of my Lord the Prince is more
Than kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be
Beyond fine cloths of gold. This was thy dream!
And in seven nights and days these things shall fall."
So spake the holy man, and lowly made
The eight prostrations, touching thrice the ground;

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then he is awake, and has entered upon the first stage. In the second he loses all impure desires, and all revengeful feelings; in the third he becomes free from evil desires, ignorance, doubt, heresy, and unkindness and vexation; universal charity follows opening Nirvâna.

Then turned and passed; but when the King bade
send
A rich gift after him, the messengers
Brought word, "We came to where he entered in
At Chandra's temple,[22] but within was none
Save a grey owl which fluttered from the shrine."
The gods come sometimes thus.

But the sad King
Marvelled, and gave command that new delights
Be compassed to enthrall Sidhârtha's heart
Amid those dancers of his pleasure-house;
Also he set at all the brazen doors
A double guard.

Yet who shall shut out Fate?

For once again the spirit of the Prince
Was moved to see this world beyond his gates,
This life of man, so pleasant, if its waves
Ran not to waste and woful finishing
In Time's dry sands. "I pray you, let me view
Our city as it is,"[23] such was his prayer

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22. *At Chandra's temple:*—The temple of the moon.

23. *"I pray you, let me view*
Our city as it is."

The picture of the city which follows is true of India to-day, and undoubtedly equally true of the India of two thousand years ago, so little have customs changed. The Chinese pilgrim of the

To King Sûddhôdana. "Your Majesty
In tender heed hath warned the folk before
To put away ill things and common sights,
And make their faces glad to gladden me,
And all the causeways gay; yet have I learned
This is not daily life, and if I stand
Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee,
Fain would I know the people and the streets,

---

seventh century, A. D., describes streets, houses, and customs just as are now seen, except that in the place of the great Bûddhist temples of his day, now rise the minarets of Mûhamedan mosques. On a stone Bûddhist rail of the fourth century, A. D., are carved, in the following order, scenes, any of which may now be met daily in real life.

Sûryâdéva, the sun god, in a chariot with horsemen, drawn by horses; a man with load of grass on his head; a man with a pole across his shoulder, from either end of which is suspended a burden; a religious mendicant with characteristic bunch of hair on his head; a rich man with two servants, one holding an umbrella over him, and a beggar kneeling before him; in front of a house, the householder dispensing to beggars; an idol in a temple with worshipers in front, and on one side an attendant waving a fly-brush over the idol; a procession of musicians with drums, cymbals, and a mouth instrument; two men bearing trays on the shoulder; a torch-bearer; two men bearing a canopy over a person carrying a rich gift on a covered tray; a company of dancing-girls; a teacher and pupil sitting in front of a doorway. This rail is thirteen feet long and ten inches high. It stands with its supporting pillars in the Museum in Lucknow.

Less perfect rails and fragments of pillars and images of a much earlier date, 18–10 B. C., represent similar scenes. On the base of one of the ancient pillars are the feet and ankles only of a dancing-girl; the great bangles about the ankles are the same as are worn to-day in India.

Their simple usual ways, and workday deeds,
And lives which those men live who are not kings.
Give me good leave, dear Lord! to pass unknown
Beyond my happy gardens; I shall come
The more contented to their peace again,
Or wiser, father, if not well content.
Therefore, I pray thee, let me go at will
To-morrow, with my servants, through the streets."
And the King said, amidst his Ministers,
"Belike this second flight may mend the first.
Note how the falcon starts at every sight
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye
Cometh of freedom; let my son see all,
And bid them bring me tidings of his mind."

Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,
The Prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,
Which opened to the signet of the King;
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back,
It was the King's son in that merchant's robe,[24]
And in the clerkly dress[25] his charioteer.

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24. *Merchant's robe:*—The shop-keepers of India generally wear turbans of white or pale-colored muslin, that are made on light frames, in a very set fashion, of many tiny folds, one over the other; the coat is a short waist jacket; about the loins is wrapped the dhôtî (three or four yards of cloth that is folded to assume a trousers-like appearance, each leg being covered to below the knee), and about the shoulders an ample sheet is loosely thrown.

25. *Clerkly dress:*—The trousers for this dress are white, long,

Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sâkya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,[26]
The buyers with their money in the cloth,[27]
The war of words to cheapen this or that,[28]
The shout to clear the road,[29] the huge stone wheels.

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and close-fitting; the white coat is long and narrow, surmounted by a short waist jacket, frequently made of colored muslin; the turban is of loose and ample folds of white muslin.

26. *The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain:*—Native stores in India have neither shelves, counters, chairs, stools, nor boxes or bins. Six or eight feet square of a verandah floor, with a closet or two, is quite an establishment. The merchant spreads a few goods on the open side of his shop, and sits on his heels in the midst. The grain merchants spread their shoulder cloths on the ground, in the bazâr square, and dump the grain upon them; from these they sell by weight, using balanced baskets. Large numbers of regular traders in spices, pottery, jewelry, toys, and other wares simply spread a cloth on the ground, display the goods, and sit cross-legged beside them.

27. *The buyers with their money in the cloth:*—A Hindû's garments are made without pockets; pocket-books are unknown; so a bit of cloth, carried in the hand or tucked in the waist-band, serves both purposes.

28. *The war of words to cheapen this or that:*—The seller always asks three or four times the sum he expects to receive for any article; the buyer understands this, and offers what he thinks right, what he can afford, or as small a sum as he thinks may be received. "The war of words" is indefinitely continued, and to a foreigner, when not exasperating, is extremely amusing.

29. *The shout to clear the road:*—As there are no sidewalks, and

The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,[30]
The broad-necked hamals[31] sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes;[32] the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops,[33]

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the hucksters lay their goods as near the road as possible when the trade and war over prices is fairly begun, every passing wagon must send forward someone to shout and shove, to make a passage and prevent injury. Persons of rank always send on a forerunner on any road.

30. *The singing bearers with the palanquins:*—Four men bear a palanquin, and three or four run alongside for relief. It is necessary that the men carrying should keep step, both for their own ease and the comfort of the person in the palanquin. To aid themselves, they call back and forth, "Hu, hu, ho, ho," in a subdued tone. This call they vary by chanting, in measure and in the same tone, remarks about the person they are carrying. Except as regards weight, these sentences are usually highly complimentary, and calculated to induce a larger gift of backhshîsh.

31. *Hamals:*—Associate cattle.

32. *The housewives bearing water from the well*
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes.

A chattie is a globular water-jar, with a short neck on one side. The poorer women who go to the wells will carry two or three such jars, each holding from two to four gallons, one above the other, on their heads; also a jar in one arm resting on one hip, and a baby astride the other hip.

33. *The fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops:*—Candy stores are in about the same proportion to other stores in India as are liquor

The weaver at his loom,[34] the cotton-bow
Twanging,[35] the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts, the skilful armourer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Gûrû, in a grave half-moon,
The Sâkya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods;[36]

---

saloons to the stores in American cities. The sweetmeats are not adulterated with as hurtful materials as Western confectioners use, and they are seldom colored. Ghî, or clarified butter, is largely used in candies, making them distasteful to most Europeans. The trays of sweetmeats are sometimes black with flies.

34. *The weaver at his loom:*—The looms are worked by hand, and are most primitive, but by careful skill, fine textures and rich materials are produced from them.

35. *The cotton-bow twanging:*—The cotton-bow is a stout bow five or six feet in length, with a strong rawhide string. This is twanged sharply upon the heap of cotton, and by its vibration causes the dust and dirt to fly off, leaving the cotton clean and white. By striking the string at different points a kind of music is produced.

36. *The school*
Where round their Gûrû, in a grave half-moon,
The Sâkya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods.

In the school, the teacher and scholars—boys only—sit cross-legged upon the floor, without desks or other school apparatus than a book, reed pens, ink, and coarse paper. The instruction, until the introduction of English methods of instruction by that Government, was almost entirely confined to religious precepts and stanzas, and histories of the gods and their worship.

The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun[37]
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
The Brâhmin proud,[38] the martial Kshatriya,[39]
The humble toiling Sûdra;[40] here a throng
Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
Of asp and nâg,[41] or charm the hooded death
To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd;[42]
There a long line of drums and horns, which went,

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37. *The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun:*—These cloths add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene in the Indian bazâr, as they hang and wave like great ribbons in the still air, from floor to housetop, on horizontal poles set in gables, roofs, balconied windows or towers.

38. *The Brâhmin proud:*—The Brâhmins are usually taller and fairer than other castes. For thousands of years their progenitors have been the best fed and most comfortably housed class. The result is everywhere apparent.

39. *The martial Kshatriya:*—Soldier caste.

40. *Sûdra:*—The lower castes and laborers.

41. *Nâg:*—Serpent.

42. —— *or charm the hooded death*
To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd.

The snake-charmers capture the most fatally venomous of all snakes, the cobra, and carry them about in baskets for exhibition. The charmers seat themselves beside the baskets, in which the snakes lie apparently asleep, and begin to blow upon their gourds and pipes, that sound not unlike a Scotch bagpipe. Presently the snakes begin to stir, then to arise, until they stand with their heads

With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home; and here a wife
Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
Or beg a boy next birth;[43] hard by the booths
Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
For lamps and lôtâs;[44] thence, by temple walls
And gateways, to the river and the bridge
Under the city walls.

These had they passed
When from the roadside moaned a mournful voice,
"Help, masters! lift me to my feet; oh, help!
Or I shall die before I reach my house!"
A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame,
Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust
Writhing, with fiery purple blotches specked:
The chill sweat beaded on his brow, his mouth
Was dragged awry with twitchings of sore pain,

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erect to a height of eighteen inches or more, when they expand their hoods, thrust out their tongues, and sway back and forth, as long as the music lasts.

43. *Or beg a boy next birth:*—A man's funeral ceremonies can not be properly performed by any but a son, hence the great anxiety of parents for sons. A woman may be lawfully divorced if she have no sons; or her husband is expected to take a second wife, frequently at the request of the first wife, that the name and honor of the house may be sustained.

44. *Lôtâs:* — Globular water-vessels; usually about a quart-measure.

The wild eyes swam with inward agony.
Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose
Half-way, then sank, with quaking feeble limbs
And scream of terror, crying, "Ah, the pain!
Good people, help!" whereon Sidhârtha ran,
Lifted the woful man with tender hands,
With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,
And, while his soft touch comforted the wretch,
Asked, "Brother, what is ill with thee? what harm
Hath fallen? wherefore canst thou not arise?
Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,
And gasps to speak, and sighs so pitiful?"
Then spake the charioteer: "Great Prince! this man
Is smitten with some pest; his elements
Are all confounded; in his veins the blood,
Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils
A fiery flood; his heart, which kept good time,
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow;
His sinews slacken like a bowstring slipped;
The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,
And all the grace and joy of manhood fled:
This is a sick man with the fit upon him.
See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,
And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth,
And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke!
Lo! now he would be dead; but shall not die
Until the plague hath had its work in him,

Killing the nerves which die before the life;
Then, when his strings have cracked with agony
And all his bones are empty of the sense
To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.
Oh, sir! it is not good to hold him so!
The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."
But spake the Prince, still comforting the man,
"And are there others, are there many thus?
Or might it be to me as now with him?"
"Great Lord!" answered the charioteer, "this comes
In many forms to all men; griefs and wounds,
Sickness and tetters, palsies, leprosies,
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere."
"Come such ills unobserved?" the Prince inquired.
And Channa said, "Like the sly snake they come
That stings unseen; like the striped murderer,[45]
Who waits to spring from the Karanda bush,[46]
Hiding beside the jungle path; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send."
"Then all men live in fear?"
"So live they, Prince!"

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45. *Striped murderer:*—Tiger.

46. *Karanda bush:*—Corinda, or carissa carandas, a dense, thorny bush, which grows to a height of about ten feet. Its berries, in taste, color, and size, are like the lighter-colored cranberries, but have a small pit instead of seeds.

"And none can say, 'I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?'"
"None say it."

"And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,
And so old age?"

"Yea, if men last as long."
"But if they cannot bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And growing old, grow older, then—what end?"
"They die, Prince."

"Die?"

"Yea, at the last comes Death,
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,
But all must die—behold, where comes the Dead!"

Then did Sidhârtha raise his eyes, and see
Fast pacing towards the river-brink a band
Of wailing people; foremost one who swung
An earthen bowl with lighted coals;[47] behind

47. *An earthen bowl with lighted coals:*—In ancient times, when Agnî, the god of fire, was worshiped, every householder was the family priest, and the sacred or sacrificial fire was kept continually

The kinsmen, shorn,[48] with mourning marks, ungirt,
Crying aloud, "O Râma,[49] Râma, hear!
Call upon Râma, brothers;" next the bier,
Knit of four poles with bambûs interlaced,
Whereon lay—stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,
Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead,
Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,
And crying "Râma, Râma!" carried on
To where a pile was reared beside the stream:[50]
Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—
Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed!

---

burning on the hearth-stone. This has passed away, but remains of the old fire-worship are still seen in many religious ceremonies among the Hindûs. Carrying lighted coals in a bowl before the dead signifies that that on the family hearth-stone is out, and its remains are to be used in performing the last ceremonies of burning.

48. *The kinsmen, shorn:*—Upon the death of a son, father, or brother, the nearest male relatives are required to shave every part of the body.

49. *Râma:*—A leading divinity; the hero of the epic poem, the Râmâyan.

50. *To where a pile was reared beside the stream:*—Those who have borne the dead and lighted the funeral-pile can not return to their families, or eat, until they have bathed in flowing water, hence the dead are generally burned beside streams. Not unfrequently, when the relatives cannot afford sufficient fuel to entirely consume the body, it is thrust, half-burned, into the stream, to become food for vultures and alligators. The funeral ceremonies are many, and vary in different parts of the country. Frequently, years elapse before the last can be performed.

He shall not wake for cold, albeit he lies
Naked to all the airs—for soon they set
The red flame to the corners four, which crept,
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint;
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank
Scarlet and grey, with here and there a bone
White midst the grey—the total of the man.

Then spake the Prince: "Is this the end which comes
To all who live?"
"This is the end that comes
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre—
Whose remnants are so petty that the crows
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.
Then came—who knows?—some gust of jungle wind,
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead.
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is nought,
The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice

They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved
Wail desolate, for even that must go,
The body which was lamp unto the life,
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
Here is the common destiny of flesh;
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile:—
Such is man's round."[51]
But lo! Sidhârtha turned
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known.
Then cried he, while his lifted countenance
Glowed with the burning passion of a love
Unspeakable, the ardour of a hope
Boundless, insatiate: "Oh! suffering world;
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both! I see, I feel

51. *Such is man's round:*—Transmigration of soul.

The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false.
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
For ever flowing in a changeless peace;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicklier
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard,
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid!
For them and me and all there must be help!
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They cannot save! I would not let one cry
Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm[52]
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if, all-powerful, he leaves it so,

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52. *Brahm:*—The divine essence, the original Creator; he from whom sprung the three principal gods—Brâhmâ, Shiv, and Vishnû.

He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God?—Channa! lead home again!
It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!"

Which when the King heard, at the gates he set
A triple guard; and bade no man should pass
By day or night, issuing or entering in,
Until the days were numbered of that dream.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

BUT, when the days were numbered, then befell
The parting of our Lord—which was to be—
Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,
Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the land,
But for all flesh deliverance, and that Law
Which whoso hears—the same shall make him free.

Softly the Indian night sinks on the plains
At full moon, in the month of Chaitra Shûd,[1]
When mangoes redden and the asôka-buds[2]
Sweeten the breeze, and Râma's birthday comes,[3]

1. *Chaitra Shûd:*—The full moon of March and April.

2. *Asôka-buds:*—The vegetable world scarce exhibits a richer sight than an Asôka-tree in full bloom. It is about as high as an ordinary cherry-tree. The flowers grow in dense clusters, beautifully diversified with tints of orange scarlet, of pale yellow, and of bright orange, which grows deeper every day, and forms a variety of shades, according to the age of each blossom that opens in the cluster. (Sir William Jones' Works.)

3. *Râma's birthday comes:*—The birthday of Râma is celebrated with great ceremonies and festivities. Near the larger towns, open-air theatricals are held, representing the hermitage of Râma, the theft of his wife Sîta by Râwan, the King of Ceylon, the war that followed, the retaking of Sîta, and the triumphal return of Râma. The play lasts two or three days, and is witnessed by thousands of eager spectators.

And all the fields are glad and all the towns.
Softly that night fell over Vishramvan,
Fragrant with blooms and jewelled thick with stars,
And cool with mountain airs sighing adown
From snow-flats on Himâla high outspread;
For the moon swung above the eastern peaks,
Climbing the spangled vault, and lighting clear
Rôhînî's ripples, and the hills and vales,
And all the sleeping land; and near at hand
Silvering those roof-tops of the pleasure-house,
Where nothing stirred nor sign of watching was,
Save at the outer gates, whose warders cried
Mûdra,[4] the watchword, and the countersign
Angana,[5] and the watch-drums beat a round;
Whereat the earth lay still, except for yelp
Of prowling jackals, and the ceaseless trill
Of crickets in the garden grounds.

Within—
Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked stone,
Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors
Paved with veined marble—softly fell her beams
On such rare company of Indian girls,
It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise

4. *Mûdra:*—A seal, a signet.

5. *Angana:*—A court.

Where Dévîs[6] rested. All the chosen ones
Of Prince Sidhârtha's pleasure-home were there,
The brightest and most faithful of the Court;
Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,
That you had said "This is the pearl of all!"
Save that beside her or beyond her lay
Fairer and fairer, till the pleasured gaze
Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams
From gem to gem in some great goldsmith work,
Caught by each colour till the next is seen.
With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs
Part hidden, part revealed; their glossy hair
Bound back with gold or flowers, or flowing loose
In black waves down the shapely nape and neck.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
They slept, no wearier than jewelled birds
Which sing and love all day, then under wing
Fold head, till morn bids sing and love again.
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof
In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,
Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms
Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,
The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,

6. *Dévîs:*—Feminine for Dévas, bright ones, or lesser gods.

The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
Praised by the Prince, some magic ring to find,
Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length,
Her vîna by her cheek, and in its strings
The little fingers still all interlaced
As when the last notes of her light song played
Those radiant eyes to sleep, and sealed her own.
Another slumbered folding in her arms
A desert-antelope, its slender head
Buried with black-sloped horns between her breasts,
Soft-nestling; it was eating—when both drowsed—
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed
Together, weaving môgra-buds,[7] which bound
Their sister-sweetness in a starry chain,
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart,
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her.
Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones
To make a necklet—agate, onyx, sard,
Coral, and moonstone—round her wrist it gleamed
A coil of splendid colour, while she held,

7. *Môgra-buds:*—Jasmine flowers.

Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up—
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream,
Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
To open and make daylight beautiful.
This was the ante-chamber of the Prince;
But at the pardâh's fringe the sweetest slept—
Gânga and Gôtamî—chief ministers
In that still House of love.

The pardâh hung,
Crimson and blue, with broidered threads of gold,
Across a portal carved in sandal-wood;
Whence by three steps the way was to the bower
Of inmost splendour, and the marriage-couch
Set on a dais soft with silver cloths,
Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles
Of nîm-blooms.[8] All the walls were plates of pearl,

8. *Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles of nîm-blooms:*— The nîm-tree is greatly prized for its beauty and usefulness. The leaves are so bitter that they are said to embitter the ground to such a degree that snakes will not go near the tree. Besides the medicinal uses of the leaves, they are spread upon floors to keep away white ants, and sprinkled thickly among costly garments to prevent moths. In 1887, while visiting the Nawâb of a native state, I was admitted to a large room where were stored finest wool and camel-hair shawls and robes, to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars. These were in piles on low platforms. Each pile of twenty or more shawls or garments was scattered thickly

Cut shapely from the shells of Lankâ's[9] wave;
And o'er the alabaster roof there ran
Rich inlayings of lotus and of bird,
Wrought in skilled work of lazulite and jade,
Jacynth and jasper; woven round the dome,
And down the sides, and all about the frames
Wherein were set the fretted lattices,
Through which there breathed, with moonlight and cool airs,
Scents from the shell-flowers and the jasmine sprays;
Not bringing thither grace or tenderness
Sweeter than shed from those fair presences
Within the place—the beauteous Sâkya Prince,
And hers, the stately, bright Yasôdhara.

Half risen from her soft nest at his side,
The chaddar[10] fallen to her waist, her brow
Laid in both palms, the lovely Princess leaned
With heaving bosom and fast-falling tears.
Thrice with her lips she touched Sidhârtha's hand,
And at the third kiss moaned, "Awake, my Lord!
Give me the comfort of thy speech!" Then he:
"What is it with thee, O my life?" but still

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through the folds with nîm-leaves, and the pile wrapped loosely in cotton-cloth. There were no signs of moths, though most of the shawls had been kept for years.

9. *Lankâ:*—Ceylon.

10. *The chaddar:*—A veil worn over the head, and nearly enwrapping the whole person.

She moaned anew before the words would come;
Then spake, "Alas, my Prince! I sank to sleep
Most happy, for the babe I bear of thee
Quickened this eve, and at my heart there beat
That double pulse of life and joy and love
Whose happy music lulled me, but—aho!—
In slumber I beheld three sights of dread,
With thought whereof my heart is throbbing yet.
I saw a white bull with wide-branching horns,
A lord of pastures, pacing through the streets,
Bearing upon his front a gem which shone
As if some star had dropped to glitter there,
Or like the kânthâ-stone[11] the great Snake keeps
To make bright daylight underneath the earth.
Slow through the streets towards the gates he paced,
And none could stay him, though there came a voice
From Indrâ's temple, 'If ye stay him not,
The glory of the city goeth forth.'
Yet none could stay him. Then I wept aloud,
And locked my arms about his neck, and strove,
And bade them bar the gates; but that ox-king
Bellowed, and, lightly tossing free his crest,
Broke from my clasp, and bursting through the bars,
Trampled the warders down and passed away.
The next strange dream was this: Four Presences

11. *Kânthâ-stone:*—Precious stones worn in a necklace are called kânthâ.

Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful
They seemed the Regents of the Earth who dwell
On Mount Sûmerû, lighting from the sky
With retinue of countless heavenly ones,
Swift swept unto our city, where I saw
The golden flag of Indrâ on the gate
Flutter and fall; and lo! there rose instead
A glorious banner, all the folds whereof
Rippled with flashing fire of rubies sewn
Thick on the silver threads, the rays wherefrom
Set forth new words and weighty sentences
Whose message made all living creatures glad;
And from the east the wind of sunrise blew
With tender waft, opening those jewelled scrolls
So that all flesh might read; and wondrous blooms—
Plucked in what clime I know not—fell in showers,
Coloured as none are coloured in our groves."

Then spake the Prince: "All this, my Lotus-flower!
Was good to see."
"Ay, Lord," the Princess said,
"Save that it ended with a voice of fear
Crying, 'The time is nigh! the time is nigh!'
Thereat the third dream came; for when I sought
Thy side, sweet Lord! ah, on our bed there lay
An unpressed pillow and an empty robe—
Nothing of thee but those!—nothing of thee,
Who art my life and light, my king, my world!

And, sleeping still, I rose, and sleeping saw
Thy belt of pearls, tied here below my breasts,
Change to a stinging snake; my ankle-rings
Fall off, my golden bangles part and fall;
The jasmines in my hair wither to dust;
While this our bridal-couch sank to the ground,
And something rent the crimson pardâh down:
Then far away I heard the white bull low,
And far away the embroidered banner flap,
And once again that cry, 'The time is come!'
But with that cry—which shakes my spirit still—
I woke! O Prince! what may such visions mean
Except I die, or—worse than any death—
Thou shouldst forsake me, or be taken!"

Soft
As the last smile of sunset was the look
Sidhârtha bent upon his weeping wife.
"Comfort thee, dear!" he said, "if comfort lives
In changeless love! for though thy dreams may be
Shadows of things to come, and though the gods
Are shaken in their seats, and though the world
Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help,
Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me,
Be sure I loved and love Yasôdhara.
Thou knowest how I muse these many moons,
Seeking to save the sad earth I have seen;
And when the time comes, that which will be will.

But if my soul yearns sore for souls unknown,
And if I grieve for griefs which are not mine,
Judge how my high-winged thoughts must hover here
O'er all these lives that share and sweeten mine—
So dear! and thine the dearest, gentlest, best,
And nearest. Ah, thou mother of my babe!
Whose body mixed with mine for this fair hope,
When most my spirit wanders, raging round
The lands and seas—as full of ruth for men
As the far-flying dove is full of ruth
For her twin nestlings—ever it has come
Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to thee,
Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen,
The utmost of their good, the tenderest
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.
Therefore, whatever after this betide,
Bethink thee of that lordly bull which lowed,
That jewelled banner in thy dream which waved
Its folds departing, and of this be sure,
Always I loved and always love thee well,
And what I sought for all sought most for thee.
But thou, take comfort; and, if sorrow falls,
Take comfort still in deeming there may be
A way to peace on earth by woes of ours;
And have with this embrace what faithful love
Can think of thanks or frame for benison—
Too little, seeing love's strong self is weak—

Yet kiss me on the mouth, and drink these words
From heart to heart therewith, that thou mayst know—
What others will not—that I loved thee most
Because I loved so well all living souls.
Now, Princess! rest; for I will rise and watch."

Then in her tears she slept, but sleeping sighed—
As if that vision passed again—"The time!
The time is come!" Whereat Sidhârtha turned,
And, lo! the moon shone by the Crab! the stars
In that same silver order long foretold
Stood ranged to say, "This is the night!—choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good:
To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped."
Moreover, with the whispers of the gloom,
Came to his ears again that warning song,
As when the Dévas spoke upon the wind:
And surely gods were round about the place
Watching our Lord, who watched the shining stars.

"I will depart," he spake; "the hour is come!
Thy tender lips, dear Sleeper, summon me
To that which saves the earth but sunders us;
And in the silence of yon sky I read
My fated message flashing. Unto this

Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me; for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine: I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword:
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates;
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.
For which of all the great and lesser gods
Have power or pity? Who hath seen them—who?
What have they wrought to help their worshipers?
How hath it steaded man to pray, and pay
Tithes of the corn and oil, to chant the charms,
To slay the shrieking sacrifice, to rear
The stately fane, to feed the priests, and call

On Vishnû,[12] Shiva,[13] Sûrya,[14] who save
None—not the worthiest—from the griefs that teach
Those litanies of flattery and fear
Ascending day by day, like wasted smoke?
Hath any of my brothers 'scaped thereby
The aches of life, the stings of love and loss,
The fiery fever and the ague-shake,
The slow, dull, sinking into withered age,
The horrible dark death—and what beyond
Waits—till the whirling wheel comes up again,
And new lives bring new sorrows to be borne,
New generations for the new desires
Which have their end in the old mockeries?

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12. *Vishnû:*—The second deity of the Hindû triad is variously represented in paintings and sculpture, but is most commonly figured as a black or deep-blue man, with four arms in which he holds a discus, a conch, a mace, and an Egyptian lotus-flower, emblematic of his attributes or power. He is the source of the greater part of Hindû incarnations. Nine of Vishnû have already appeared. The tenth, that is to bring in the golden age, is expected to appear in a temple in Sambhâl, a town near Moradabad. A few years since, a long lease of this temple was for sale, and if the missionaries resident in the place had had money enough, they could have bought it for a preaching-place.

13. *Shiva:*—The third of the Hindû trinity. In appearance he is always disgusting or frightful. In one form he appears as a white man, with three eyes (one in his forehead), a tiger-skin barely covering his loins, and three snakes curled about his head and shoulders. From his miserable wickedness the famous and infamous Ling had its origin.

14. *Sûrya:*—The sun.

Hath any of my tender sisters found
Fruit of the fast or harvest of the hymn,
Or bought one pang the less at bearing-time
For white curds offered and trim tûlsî-leaves?
Nay; it may be some of the gods are good
And evil some, but all in action weak;
Both pitiful and pitiless, and both—
As men are—bound upon this wheel of change,
Knowing the former and the after lives.
For so our scriptures truly seem to teach,
That—once, and wheresoe'er, and whence begun—
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, déva, God,
To clod and mote again; so are we kin
To all that is; and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of this ignorance
Whose shadow is still fear, and cruelty
Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save!
And means must be! There must be refuge! Men
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,

Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?
If one, then, being great and fortunate,
Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed
To rule—if he would rule—a King of kings;
If one, not tired with life's long day but glad
I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed
With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still;
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man;—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,

The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
Oh, summoning stars! I come! Oh, mournful earth!
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen!
Harder to put aside than all the rest!
Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth;
And that which stirs within thy tender womb,
My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,
Whom if I wait to bless my mind will fail.
Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share
A little while the anguish of this hour
That light may break and all flesh learn the Law.
Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,
Never to come again, till what I seek
Be found—if fervent search and strife avail."

So, with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,

Upon her sleeping face,[15] still wet with tears;
And thrice around the bed in reverence,
As though it were an altar, softly stepped
With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
"For never," spake he, "lie I there again!"
And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
So strong her beauty was, so large his love:
Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth, he turned
And raised the pardâh's edge:
There drooped, close-hushed,
In such sealed sleep as water-lilies know,
That lovely garden of his Indian girls;
The twin dark-petalled lotus-buds of all—
Gânga and Gôtamî—on either side,
And those, their silk-leaved sisterhood, beyond.
"Pleasant ye are to me, sweet friends!" he said,
"And dear to leave; yet, if I leave ye not,
What else will come to all of us save eld
Without assuage and death without avail?
Lo! as ye lie asleep so must ye lie

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15. *So, with his brow he touched her feet, and bent*
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
Upon her sleeping face.

Wherever, and in whatever form, this legend of the renunciation is found, it always betokens deepest, truest love, yielding only to stern duty and greater benevolence. The legend of the Southern Bûddhists says that the son was already born. "The Prince, in order that he might see his son, went to the apartment of Yasôdhara, and on opening the door he saw the Princess upon a

A-dead; and when the rose dies where are gone
Its scent and splendour? when the lamp is drained
Whither is fled the flame? Press heavy, Night!
Upon their down-dropped lids, and seal their lips,
That no tear stay me and no faithful voice.
For all the brighter that these made my life,
The bitterer it is that they and I,
And all, should live as trees do—so much spring,
Such and such rains and frosts, such winter-times,
And then dead leaves, with maybe spring again,
Or axe-stroke at the root. This will not I,
Whose life here was a god's!—this would not I,
Though all my days were godlike, while men moan
Under their darkness. Therefore farewell, friends!

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couch, surrounded by flowers; but she was asleep, her hand embracing the infant, which was also asleep, and laid upon her bosom. Sidhârtha perceived that in order to take up his son Rahûla he must remove the mother's arm, which would probably cause her to awake, and as he knew that if she awoke she would speak to him, which might shake his resolution, he remained upon the threshold, holding the door-post with his hand, but not proceeding any further. He thought, 'I can see my child after I become Bûddha; were I, from parental affection, to endanger the reception of the Bûddhaship, how could the various orders of being be released from the sorrows of existence?' Then, resolutely, like a man attempting to root up Mount Sûmerû, he withdrew his foot from the doorway, and descended to the court-yard." (Manual of Bûddhism, p. 161.) This decisive step taken, the legend again narrates the marvels that occurred at the time of Bûddha's birth, wherein all nature puts forth freshness and beauty in honor of the great event.

While life is good to give, I give, and go
To seek deliverance and that unknown Light!"

Then, lightly treading where those sleepers lay,
Into the night Sidhârtha passed: its eyes,
The watchful stars, looked love on him: its breath,
The wandering wind, kissed his robe's fluttered fringe;
The garden-blossoms, folded for the dawn,
Opened their velvet hearts to waft him scents
From pink and purple censers: o'er the land,
From Himâlay unto the Indian Sea,
A tremor spread, as if earth's soul beneath
Stirred with an unknown hope; and holy books—
Which tell the story of our Lord—say, too,
That rich celestial musics thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
Eastward and westward, making bright the night—
Northward and southward, making glad the ground.
Also those four dread Regents of the Earth,
Descending at the doorway, two by two,—
With their bright legions of Invisibles
In arms of sapphire, silver, gold, and pearl—
Watched with joined hands the Indian Prince, who
stood,
His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.

Then strode he forth into the gloom, and cried:

"Channa, awake! and bring out Kântaka!"
"What would my Lord?" the charioteer replied—
Slow-rising from his place beside the gate—
"To ride at night when all the ways are dark?"

"Speak low," Sidhârtha said: "and bring my horse,
For now the hour is come when I should quit
This golden prison, where my heart lives caged,
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek,
For all men's sake, until the truth be found."

"Alas! dear Prince," answered the charioteer,
"Spake then for nought those wise and holy men
Who cast the stars, and bade us wait the time
When King Sûddhôdana's great son should rule
Realms upon realms, and be a Lord of lords?
Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl?
Wilt thou go forth into the friendless waste
That hast this Paradise of pleasures here?"

The Prince made answer, "Unto this I came,
And not for thrones: the kingdom that I crave
Is more than many realms—and all things pass
To change and death. Bring me forth Kântaka!"

"Most honoured," spake again the charioteer,
"Bethink thee of my Lord thy father's grief!

Bethink thee of their woe whose bliss thou art—
How shalt thou help them, first undoing them?"
Sidhârtha answered, "Friend, that love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love;
But I, who love these more than joys of mine—
Yea, more than joy of theirs—depart to save
Them and all flesh, if utmost love avail:
Go, bring me Kântaka!"

Then Channa said,
"Master, I go!" and forthwith, mournfully,
Unto the stall he passed, and from the rack
Took down the silver bit and bridle-chains,
Breast-cord and curb, and knitted fast the straps,
And linked the hooks, and led out Kântaka:
Whom, tethering to the ring, he combed and dressed,
Stroking the snowy coat to silken gloss;
Next on the steed he laid the namdâh[16] square,
Fitted the saddle-cloth across, and set
The saddle fair, drew tight the jewelled girths,
Buckled the breech-bands and the martingale,
And made fall both the stirrups of worked gold.
Then over all he cast a golden net,
With tassels of seed-pearl and silken strings,
And led the great horse to the palace door,

16. *Namdâh:*—A piece of felt laid on the horse's back, over which is spread a finely ornamented cloth.

Where stood the Prince; but when he saw his Lord,
Right glad he waxed and joyously he neighed,
Spreading his scarlet nostrils; and the books
Write, "Surely all had heard Kântaka's neigh,
And that strong trampling of his iron heels,
Save that the Dévas laid soft unseen wings
Over their ears, and kept the sleepers deaf."

Fondly Sidhârtha drew the proud head down,
Patted the shining neck, and said, "Be still,
White Kântaka! be still, and bear me now
The farthest journey ever rider rode;
For this night take I horse to find the truth,
And where my quest will end yet know I not,
Save that it shall not end until I find.
Therefore to-night, good steed, be fierce and bold!
Let nothing stay thee, though a thousand blades
Deny the road! let neither wall nor moat
Forbid our flight! Look! if I touch thy flank
And cry, 'On, Kântaka!' let whirlwinds lag
Behind thy course! Be fire and air, my horse!
To stead thy Lord; so shalt thou share with him
The greatness of this deed which helps the world;
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain
And have no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.
Now, therefore, bear thy master valorously!"

Then to the saddle lightly leaping, he
Touched the arched crest, and Kântaka sprang forth
With armed hoofs sparkling on the stones, and ring
Of champing bit; but none did hear that sound,
For that the Saddha Dévas,[17] gathering near,
Plucked the red môhra-flowers[18] and strewed them thick
Under his tread, while hands invisible
Muffled the ringing bit and bridle-chains.
Moreover, it is written when they came
Upon the pavement near the inner gates,
The Yakshas of the air laid magic cloths
Under the stallion's feet, so that he went
Softly and still.

But when they reached the gate[19]
Of tripled brass—which hardly fivescore men
Served to unbar and open—lo! the doors

17. *Saddha Dévas:*—Demi-gods from Indrâ's heaven.

18. *Môhra-flowers, Bassia Catifolia:*—The flower of the Môhra, or Mahûâ-tree is a single but very thick, globular petal, which, when it falls off, more resembles a berry than a flower. It is very rich in sugar, and yields a spirituous liquor. When the Mûhamedans took India, they cut down all the mahûâ-trees; but now the English Government collect revenue from the mahûâ-flower stills.

19. *But when they reached the gate:*—The King, who had foreseen that his son would attempt to escape by stealth, had placed a thousand men as wardens. This marvelous horse Kântaka,

Rolled back all silently, though one might hear
In day-time two kôs off the thunderous roar
Of those grim hinges and unwieldy plates.

Also the middle and the outer gates
Unfolded each their monstrous portals thus
In silence, as Sidhârtha and his steed
Drew near; while underneath their shadow lay,
Silent as dead men, all those chosen guards—
The lance and sword let fall, the shields unbraced,
Captains and soldiers—for there came a wind,
Drowsier than blows o'er Malwa's[20] fields of sleep,
Before the Prince's path, which, being breathed,
Lulled every sense aswoon: and so he passed
Free from the palace.

When the morning star
Stood half a spear's length from the eastern rim,
And o'er the earth the breath of morning sighed,

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eighteen cubits in length, and of proportionate height, proud to assist his master at this time, to which the horse had so long looked forward, resolved that if the gate were not open he would leap the ramparts of the city with the Prince on his back, and Channa hanging to his tail. Channa, equally as loyal, resolved to leap the barrier with the horse on one shoulder and the Prince on the other; but the dêvas, knowing that, through Bûddha, they, too, should obtain entrance to the city of peace—Nirvâna—noiselessly opened the gate.

20. *Malwa:*—A province in India, where fields of poppies are grown for opium.

Rippling Anôma's wave,[21] the border-stream,
Then drew he rein, and leaped to earth, and kissed
White Kântaka betwixt the ears, and spake
Full sweet to Channa:[22] "This which thou hast done
Shall bring thee good, and bring all creatures good:
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.
Lead back my horse, and take my crest-pearl here,
My princely robes, which henceforth stead me not,
My jewelled sword-belt and my sword, and these
The long locks by its bright edge severed thus
From off my brows. Give the King all, and say
Sidhârtha prays forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light;
Where, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine—

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21. *Anôma's wave:*—This name has two significations—illustrious and saltless.

22. —— *and spake*
Full sweet to Channa.

In India it is the custom for the grooms to run beside, or, at least, in full sight of, master and horse, when on a journey. These men become remarkable for speed and endurance. Channa was evidently well trained, hence stood ready to take Sidhârtha's horse at the close of the wonderful ride. Channa requested that he might be his master's companion in his asceticism, but Sidhârtha besought him to return, that his father and wife might know whither he had gone. The horse, knowing that his service for his master was ended, became greatly distressed, and fell dead. A temple was afterward erected to his memory on that spot.

Mr. Carlleyle identified this place, and found it to be thirty-five miles from Kâpilavastû.

Mine by chief service!—tell him—mine by love!
Since there is hope for man only in man,
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world."

BOOK THE FIFTH.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ROUND Râjâgriha[1] five fair hills arose,
Guarding King Bîmbisâra's sylvan town;
Baibhâra,[2] green with lemon-grass and palms;
Bipûlla, at whose foot thin Sarsûtî[3]
Steals with warm ripple; shadowy Tapôvân,[4]
Whose steaming pools mirror black rocks, which ooze
Sovereign earth-butter[5] from their rugged roofs;
South-east the vulture-peak Sailâgîrî;[6]
And eastward Ratnagîrî, hill of gems.
A winding track, paven with footworn slabs,
Leads thee, by safflower fields and bambû tufts,
Under dark mangoes and the jûjûbé-trees,[7]
Past milk-white veins of rock and jasper crags,
Low cliff and flats of jungle-flowers, to where

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1. *Râjâgriha:*—A prince's house. The town was formerly famous for beauty and wealth. It was the capital of Magadha. The place has been in ruins for centuries.

2. *Baibhâra:*—Distant gardens; the cultivated lands near a town.

3. *Sarsûtî:*—Thread of the gods; a little stream.

4. *Tapôvân:*—Place of devotees.

5. *Sovereign earth-butter:*—Liquid bitumen.

6. *Sailâgîrî:*—Cool hill.

7. *Jûjûbé-trees:*—Native of Arabia.

The shoulder of that mountain, sloping west,
O'erhangs a cave with wild figs canopied.[8]
Lo! thou who comest thither, bare thy feet
And bow thy head! for all this spacious earth
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed. Here
Lord Bûddha sate[9] the scorching summers through,
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves;
Wearing for all men's sakes the yellow robe,

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8. *O'erhangs a cave with wild figs canopied:*—On a finely preserved Bûddhist rail, of date 18–10 B. C., and now preserved in the Lucknow Museum, is a medallion representing Bûddha sitting in a rock-cut cave, whilst four persons are depicted sitting under the overhanging rock and adoring him.

9. —— *Here*
Lord Bûddha sate.

This place of meditation was chosen with strict regard to the rules laid down in the sacred books that say: "Curbing the senses and appetites, and breathing gently through the nostrils while meditating, the scholar should concentrate his thoughts. On a clean, smooth spot, free from pebbles, from gravel, or from scorching sand, where the mind is tranquillized by pleasant sounds, by running water and grateful shade, with naught to offend the eye, let him apply himself to his task." Though Bûddha sat "motionless as the fixed rock his seat," the old saint of the Mahâbhârata beat him all hollow. "And the old Rishî had sat in one place so many years that a tree had grown up between his legs, and birds had built their nests upon the tree, and serpents had made their holes all round him. And the Rishî said that he had remained there during twenty Brâhmâs, and had frequently seen the world come to a close and begin again." A day of Brâhmâ is more than 4,000 millions of years.

In the effect of meditation the infant of the Vishnû Purâna excels both Bûddha and the Rishî. "Dhrûva, aged five years, performed a penance as enjoined by Marîchî and the sages. He contemplated

Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal
Chance-gathered from the charitable; at night
Couched on the grass, homeless, alone; while yelped
The sleepless jackals round his cave, or coughs
Of famished tiger from the thicket broke.
By day and night here dwelt the World-honoured,
Subduing that fair body born for bliss
With fast and frequent watch and search intense
Of silent meditation, so prolonged
That ofttimes while he mused—as motionless
As the fixed rock his seat—the squirrel leaped
Upon his knee, the timid quail led forth
Her brood between his feet, and blue doves pecked
The rice-grains from the bowl beside his hand.

Thus would he muse from noontide[10]—when the land
Shimmered with heat, and walls and temples danced

Vishnû, the sovereign of all gods, seated in himself. Whilst his mind was wholly absorbed in meditation, the mighty Harî, identical with all beings and with all natures, took possession of his heart. Vishnû being thus present in his mind, the earth, the supporter of elemental life, could not sustain the weight of the ascetic. As he stood upon his left foot one hemisphere bent beneath him, and when he stood upon his right foot the other half of the earth sunk down. When he touched it with his toes it shook, with all its mountains and rivers; and the seas were troubled, and the gods partook of the universal agitation." The celestials interfered, with many stratagems, but could not induce him to forego his penances, until Harî himself came to him and granted his wish that he should be above all worlds and creations.

10. *Thus would he muse from noontide:*—That a deep religious

In the reeking air—till sunset, noting not
The blazing globe roll down, nor evening glide,
Purple and swift, across the softened fields;

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life was attained chiefly through contemplation seems to have been a ruling idea since very early times in India. The most ancient histories tell of devotees seeking union with deity by contemplation. The sacred books prescribe various methods and attitudes to assist the mind in concentrating thought. "The devotee must attend to the gradual suppression of breathing, since the animal soul and the mind act in conjunction. In this work he must first endeavor to fix the understanding by some act of the senses; for example, he must place his sight and thoughts on the tip of his nose, by which he will perceive smell; then bring his mind to the tip of his tongue, when taste will be realized; and afterward fix his thoughts on the root of his tongue, by which sound will be suggested. After this, if the mind be full of the principle of grandness, and free from passion and ignorance, it will escape the waves of passion and become truly fixed. He who meditates on God, placing his mind on the sun, moon, fire, or any other luminous body, or within his heart, or at the bottom of his throat, or in the center of his skull, will, by afterward ascending from these gross images of the deity to the glorious original, secure fixedness of thought." (Small's Sanskrit Literature.)

The experience of an ex-devotee, as given by the Abbé Dubois, is not only curious, but amusing. "I was a novice," said the devotee, "under a celebrated Sûnyâsi, who had fixed his hermitage in a remote situation near Bellabûrâm. As he prescribed, I devoted the great part of the night to watchfulness, and to endeavors to expel from my mind every thought whatever. Agreeably to other instructions daily repeated to me by my master, I exerted all my might to restrain my breathing as long as it could be possibly endured. I persisted in thus containing myself, continually, till I was nearly ready to faint away. Such violent efforts brought on the most profuse perspiration from all parts of my body. At length, one day while I was practicing as usual, I imagined I saw before me the full moon, very bright, but tremulous. At another

Nor the still coming of the stars, nor throb
Of drum-skins in the busy town, nor screech
Of owl and night-jar; wholly wrapt from self
In keen unravelling of the threads of thought
And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinths.
Thus would he sit till midnight hushed the world,
Save where the beasts of darkness in the brake
Crept and cried out, as fear and hatred cry,
As lust and avarice and anger creep
In the black jungles of man's ignorance.
Then slept he for what space the fleet moon asks
To swim a tenth part of her cloudy sea;
But rose o'er the False-dawn,[11] and stood again
Wistful on some dark platform of his hill,
Watching the sleeping earth with ardent eyes
And thoughts embracing all its living things;

---

time I was led to fancy, in broad day, that I was plunged into thick darkness. My spiritual guide, who had often predicted to me that the practice of penitence and contemplation would disclose to me very wonderful appearances, was quite delighted with my spiritual progress when I related to him what I had experienced. He then set me some new tasks. Wearied out at last with these tiresome follies, I gave them up, fearing they would altogether discompose my brain; and I again betook myself to my old employment of a laborer."

11. *False-dawn:*—The slight stir and awakening that occurs about two o'clock in the morning. The only pure divinity in the whole Hindû pantheon is Ashas, or the dawn, represented as a beautiful maiden. The sun and the moon both wished to woo her, but she turned them into calves for their audacity, and only released them at the earnest request of their wives.

While o'er the waving fields that murmur moved
Which is the kiss of Morn waking the lands,
And in the east that miracle of Day
Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim
Night seems still unaware of whispered dawn,
But soon—before the jungle-cock crows twice—
A white verge clear, a widening, brightening white,
High as the herald-star, which fades in floods
Of silver, warming into pale gold, caught
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their rims
To fervent golden glow, flushed from the brink
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst;
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,
And, robed in raiment of glad light, the King
Of Life and Glory cometh![12]

Then our Lord,
After the manner of a Rishî, hailed
The rising orb,[13] and went—ablutions made—

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12. —— *the King*
Of Life and Glory cometh!

People brought up in the Christian faith, when reading of Bûddha and his teachings, should constantly bear in mind the caution of W. Rhys Davids, in his article on Bûddhism in the Cyclopedia Brittanica. He says: "Christian ideas must not be put into Bûddhist expressions." In reading the above quotation our minds at once revert to God as the "King of Life and Glory," but the King here intended is Sûryâ, the Sun.

13. *After the manner of a Rishî, hailed*
The rising orb.

"Before the rising of the sun the devout Hindû must have rinsed

Down by the winding path unto the town;
And in the fashion of a Rishî passed
From street to street, with begging-bowl in hand,
Gathering the little pittance of his needs.
Soon was it filled, for all the townsmen cried,
"Take of our store, great sir!" and "Take of ours!"
Marking his godlike face and eyes enwrapt;
And mothers, when they saw our Lord go by,
Would bid their children fall to kiss his feet,
And lift his robe's hem to their brows, or run
To fill his jar, and fetch him milk and cakes.
And ofttimes as he paced, gentle and slow,
Radiant with heavenly pity, lost in care

---

his mouth, cleaned his teeth with a particular twig, in a particular attitude, and bathed in a stream or body of water, with repeated dippings, gesticulations, and prayers. The Gâyatrî, held to be the most sacred verse in the Vêdas—'Let us meditate on the sacred light of that divine sun, that it may illuminate our minds'—must be repeated, mentally, as often as the worshiper can do it while he closes his mouth and nostrils, effecting the latter by rule. It is the most orthodox of gesticulations, and is performed by placing the two longest fingers of the right hand on the left nostril, inhaling through the right, closing the right with the thumb, and, when the breathing can be no longer suspended, raising the fingers and exhaling, by the left nostril." (Wilson's Religion of the Hindûs.) "After many prayers, addressed with proper gestures to the ten winds lodged in various parts of the body, to the four cardinal points of heaven; heaven, earth, himself, the elements, his prayer, and the whole of the gods in a body, he addresses the following to the sun: 'Thou art Brâhmâ when thou risest; Sîva in thy middle course; Vishnû at thy setting: Thou art the precious stone of the air; king of day; observer of our deeds;

For those he knew not, save as fellow-lives,
The dark surprised eyes of some Indian maid
Would dwell in sudden love and worship deep
On that majestic form, as if she saw
Her dreams of tenderest thought made true, and grace
Fairer than mortal fire her breast. But he
Passed onward with the bowl and yellow robe,
By mild speech paying all those gifts of hearts,
Wending his way back to the solitudes
To sit upon his hill with holy men,
And hear and ask of wisdom and its roads.

Midway on Ratnagîrî's groves of calm,
Beyond the city, but below the caves,
Lodged such as hold the body foe to soul,
And flesh a beast which men must chain and tame
With bitter pains, till sense of pain is killed,
And tortured nerves vex torturer no more:

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the eye of the world; the measure of time; Lord of the nine planets; he that blotteth out the sins of those who honor him, and expels darkness on the return of the twenty-four hours; he who, in his chariot, bounds over the mountains of the north, which stretches ninety millions, five hundred and ten yôjanas; thee will I praise with my utmost strength; and do thou, in thy mercy, forgive all iniquities.' This prayer is closed with twelve, twenty-four, or forty eight obeisances to the Sun." (Abbé Dubois, vol. ii.) These seemingly senseless gesticulations and attitudes are followed with the thought that they assist in fixing the mind upon the object to be venerated, and drawing it away from the distractions of material life.

Yôgîs[14] and Brahmâchârîs,[15] Bhikshûs,[16] all
A gaunt and mournful band,[17] dwelling apart.
Some day and night had stood with lifted arms,
Till—drained of blood and withered by disease—
Their slowly wasting joints and stiffened limbs
Jutted from sapless shoulders like dead forks
From forest trunks. Others had clenched their hands
So long and with so fierce a fortitude,
The claw-like nails grew through the festered palm.
Some walked on sandals spiked; some with sharp flints
Gashed breast and brow and thigh, scarred these with fire,

14. *Yôgîs:*—The term Yôgî is applied to the followers of the Yôga school of philosophy, whose chief tenet is that it is possible, even in this life, to acquire entire command over elementary matter by means of certain ascetic practices. Their principal methods are, long-continued suppressions of the breath, of inhaling and exhaling in a particular manner, of sitting in eighty-four different attitudes, and of fixing the eyes on the tip of the nose. They profess to be able to attain the power of performing miracles, which leads them into the cultivation of the arts of necromancy, until at present they are little better than traveling mountebanks. They carry with them trained goats, monkeys, or animals with some sort of *lapsus naturæ*, as a fifth leg, and beg, and perform various tricks.

15. *Brahmâchârîs:*—A student class of mendicants.

16. *Bhikshûs:*—A higher order of Bûddhist ascetics.

17. *A gaunt and mournful band:*—No nation has devised so many painful methods of seeking final salvation as have the Hindûs. The religious orders and sects are numerous, and are followed by men of all dispositions—the truly religious, who in darkness feel after God if haply they may find Him; the lazy, who

Threaded their flesh with jungle thorns and spits,
Besmeared with mud and ashes, crouching foul
In rags of dead men wrapped about their loins.
Certain there were inhabited the spots
Where death-pyres smouldered, cowering defiled
With corpses for their company, and kites
Screaming around them o'er the funeral-spoils:
Certain who cried five hundred times a day
The names of Shiva, knit with hissing snakes
About their sun-tanned necks and hollow flanks,
One palsied foot drawn up against the ham.
So gathered they, a grievous company;

---

had rather beg than work; the vain, who love to attract attention by their seeming holiness, and the vicious, who in a saint's robe find larger liberty for passion. A few of these sects as at present existing in India may be noticed. The Khâkîs are so called on account of their rubbing their bodies all over with ashes. They go about almost naked, and lead a wandering life. The Visaktas go bare-headed, and must have but one garment and one water-pot. The Sakhî Bharas worship Râdha, the mistress of Krishna, so exclusively that they even clothe themselves as women, and follow their occupations. The Sûnyâsîs are sturdy beggars, bedaubed with ashes to make themselves hideous. The Nâgas go entirely naked, and of all classes are the most worthless and profligate. They carry arms, and are a dangerous people. The Akâlîs go fully armed; they carry the chakra, or discus, and are very expert in its use. They can throw it a hundred feet and cut off a man's head with unerring certainty. The Mahansas go naked in all weathers, and never speak or beg. They are almost entirely helpless; the people think it a merit to care for them. The Aghôrîs, a sect nearly rooted out by the English Government, required human victims for their sacrifices. They carry a pole with a shoe, a

Crowns blistered by the blazing heat, eyes bleared,
Sinews and muscles shrivelled, visages
Haggard and wan as slain men's, five days dead;
Here crouched one in the dust who noon by noon
Meted a thousand grains of millet out,
Ate it with famished patience, seed by seed,
And so starved on; there one who bruised his pulse
With bitter leaves lest palate should be pleased;
And next, a miserable saint self-maimed,
Eyeless and tongueless, sexless, crippled, deaf;
The body by the mind being thus stripped
For glory of much suffering, and the bliss
Which they shall win—say holy books—whose woe
Shames gods that send us woe, and makes men gods
Stronger to suffer than Hell is to harm.

Whom sadly eying spake our Lord to one,
Chief of the woe-begones: "Much-suffering sir!

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water-pot, a skull and human bones fastened on the top They eat carrion and filth, and rub themselves with it to make themselves disgusting, thus compelling decent people to comply with their requests, that they may be rid of them. The Vakîs believe in the great merit of personal torture. They distort their limbs, cause the nails to grow through the hand, or hold their hands above the head for years. The Vamachârîs require flesh, fish, wine, and women in their worship, that is conducted with great secrecy. Everywhere in India these mendicants may be seen wandering about in their filth, or yellow robes colored with red ocher. They are at once objects of terror and veneration to the common people, who give of their hard-earned and scanty store to support these miserable creatures.

These many moons I dwell upon the hill—
Who am a seeker of the Truth—and see
My brothers here, and thee, so piteously
Self-anguished; wherefore add ye ills to life
Which is so evil?"
Answer made the sage:
"'Tis written if a man shall mortify
His flesh, till pain be grown the life he lives
And death voluptuous rest, such woes shall purge
Sin's dross away, and the soul, purified,
Soar from the furnace of its sorrow, winged
For glorious spheres and splendour past all thought."

"Yon cloud which floats in heaven," the Prince replied,
"Wreathed like gold cloth around your Indrâ's throne,[18]
Rose thither from the tempest-driven sea;
But it must fall again in tearful drops,
Trickling through rough and painful water-ways
By cleft and nallâh and the muddy flood,
To Ganga and the sea, wherefrom it sprang.
Know'st thou, my brother, if it be not thus,
After their many pains, with saints in bliss?
Since that which rises falls, and that which buys
Is spent; and if ye buy heav'n with your blood

18. *Indrâ's throne.*—Indrâ is the god of the firmament, and is supposed to rule seasons and storms.

In hell's hard market, when the bargain's through
The toil begins again!"

"It may begin,"
The hermit moaned. "Alas! we know not this,
Nor surely anything; yet after night
Day comes, and after turmoil peace, and we
Hate this accursed flesh which clogs the soul
That fain would rise; so, for the sake of soul,
We stake brief agonies in game with gods
To gain the larger joys."

"Yet if they last
A myriad years," he said, "they fade at length,
Those joys; or if not, is there then some life
Below, above, beyond, so unlike life
It will not change? Speak! do your gods endure
For ever, brothers?"

"Nay," the Yôgîs said,
"Only great Brahm endures: the gods but live."[19]

19. *Only great Brahm endures: the gods but live:*—The great aim of the Hindû devotees, who enter upon their painful life from religious conviction, is to obtain liberation from future terrestrial existence, and speedy absorption into great Brahm, the creative spirit. That this union will eventually occur is to them a settled matter, but as the time is tolerably far removed, they seek to hasten the event. "The elements of form developed from primary matter remain unaltered for a day of Brahm, an interval of 2,160,000,000 years. At the end of this period, Brahm sleeps. The material forms which then occupy the world and the lower spheres of the universe are then consumed by fire; the fire is

Then spake Lord Bûddha: "Will ye, being wise,
As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones,
Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and moans,
For gains which may be dreams, and must have end?
Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your flesh,
So scourge and maim it, that it shall not serve
To bear the spirit on, searching for home,
But founder on the track before night-fall,
Like willing steed o'er-spurred? Will ye, sad sirs!
Dismantle and dismember this fair house,
Where we have come to dwell by painful pasts;

---

extinguished by mighty rains, and the globe becomes a shoreless ocean. The sages, the gods, the elements survive, and when Brahm awakes and finds what mischief his slumbers have generated, he sets to work to repair it. With the materials ready to his hands he remanufactures the earth and its inhabitants, and this is what is intended by a secondary creation. This creation is repeated daily during the one hundred years of Brahm's existence. At the end of this term Brâhmâ himself expires, and with him die all the gods and holy sages, and all forms whatever retrograde successively into their constituent elements, until the whole is finally merged into the single or double rudiment of being, universal spirit, or primary matter and primary spirit, according to the theories of the dualistic or non-dualistic philosophers. After a considerable interval, similar causes produce similar effects; nature and spirit are again in movement, the creation is renewed, and the universe thus eternally fluctuates between existence and non-existence, without any motive, without any end." (Wilson's Religions of Hindûs.) This universal, unconscious spirit is known to most of the Hindû sects as Brahm, the creator of Brâhmâ, who in turn creates the universe.

Whose windows give us light—the little light—
Whereby we gaze about to know if dawn
Will break, and whither winds the better road?"

Then cried they, "We have chosen this for road
And tread it, Râjâpûtrâ![20] till the close—
Though all its stones were fire—in trust of death.
Speak, if thou know'st a way more excellent;
If not, peace go with thee!"

Onward he passed,
Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men
Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
But plague it with fierce penances, belike
To please the gods who grudge pleasure to man;
Belike to baulk hell by self-kindled hells;
Belike in holy madness, hoping soul
May break the better through their wasted flesh.
"Oh, flowerets of the field!" Sidhârtha said,
"Who turn your tender faces to the sun—
Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned
Silver and gold and purple—none of ye
Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil
Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms! which rise
Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind

20. *Râjâpûtrâ!*—Prince's son.

Blown from Malâya[21] and the cool blue seas,
What secret know ye that ye grow content,
From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,
Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered crowns?
Ye, too, who dwell so merry in the trees—
Quick-darting parrots, bee-birds, bûlbûls, doves—
None of ye hate your life, none of ye deem
To strain to better by foregoing needs!
But man, who slays ye—being lord—is wise,
And wisdom, nursed on blood, cometh thus forth
In self-tormentings!"

While the Master spake
Blew down the mount the dust of pattering feet,
White goats and black sheep winding slow their way,
With many a lingering nibble at the tufts,
And wanderings from the path, where water gleamed
Or wild figs hung. But always as they strayed
The herdsman cried, or slung his sling, and kept
The silly crowd still moving to the plain.
A ewe with couplets in the flock there was,
Some hurt had lamed one lamb, which toiled behind
Bleeding, while in the front its fellow skipped,
And the vexed dam hither and thither ran,
Fearful to lose this little one or that;

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21. *Malâya:*—The islands of the Indian Archipelago.

Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly
He took the limping lamb upon his neck,
Saying, "Poor woolly mother, be at peace!
Whither thou goest I will bear thy care;
'Twere all as good to ease one beast of grief
As sit and watch the sorrows of the world
In yonder caverns with the priests who pray."

"But," spake he to the herdsmen, "wherefore, friends!
Drive ye the flocks adown under high noon,
Since 'tis at evening that men fold their sheep?"
And answer gave the peasants: "We are sent
To fetch a sacrifice of goats five-score,
And five-score sheep, the which our Lord the King
Slayeth this night in worship of his gods."
Then said the Master: "I will also go!"
So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb
Beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun,
The wistful ewe low bleating at his feet.

Whom, when they came unto the river-side
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low:
"Lord! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,

Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick
Of poison;' and another, 'He will die.'
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes; it was so very small,
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill—
Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe—
Ask of the Rishî if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
'Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find

Black mustard-seed, a tôla;[22] only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died:
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"
The Master smiled
Exceeding tenderly. "Yea! I spake thus,
Dear Kisagôtamî! But didst thou find
The seed?"
"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut—
Here in the jungle and towards the town—
'I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tôla—black;' and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died—
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:
'O Sister! what is this you ask? the dead
Are very many, and the living few!'
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'
'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!'
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died

22. *Tôla:*—Thirty-nine tôlas are equal to one pound avoirdupois.

Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'
Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
Therefore I left my child—who would not suck
Nor smile—beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
To see thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister! thou hast found," the Master said,
"Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives—
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—
As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!"

So entered they the city side by side,
The herdsmen and the Prince, what time the sun

Gilded slow Sôna's distant stream,[23] and threw
Long shadows down the street and through the gate
Where the King's men kept watch. But when these saw
Our Lord bearing the lamb, the guards stood back,
The market-people drew their wains aside,
In the bazâr buyers and sellers stayed
The war of tongues to gaze on that mild face;
The smith, with lifted hammer in his hand,
Forgot to strike; the weaver left his web,
The scribe his scroll, the money-changer lost
His count of cowries;[24] from the unwatched rice
Shiva's white bull fed free;[25] the wasted milk
Ran o'er the lôtâ[26] while the milkers watched
The passage of our Lord moving so meek,
With yet so beautiful a majesty.
But most the women gathering in the doors

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23. *Sôna's distant stream:*—The river Golden.

24. *Cowries:*—Small shells; from one hundred to one hundred and twenty make the value of a cent.

25. —— *from the unwatched rice*
Shiva's white bull fed free.

In the temples of Shiv white bulls are kept as emblems of the god; these are frequently turned loose in the streets; and none dare abuse them whatever they may do. The grain merchants have their stores dumped on cloths on the ground in a most convenient manner, as the bulls soon learn. The merchants, to save themselves from loss, when they see a bull approaching meet him with handfuls of grain and entice him beyond their stalls.

26. *Lôtâ:*—A globular brass dish holding about a quart.

Asked, "Who is this that brings the sacrifice
So graceful and peace-giving as he goes?
What is his caste? whence hath he eyes so sweet?
Can he be Sâkra[27] or the Dévarâj?"[28]
And others said, "It is the holy man
Who dwelleth with the Rishîs on the hill."
But the Lord paced, in meditation lost,
Thinking, "Alas! for all my sheep which have
No shepherd; wandering in the night with none
To guide them; bleating blindly towards the knife
Of Death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin."

Then some one told the King, "There cometh here
A holy hermit, bringing down the flock
Which thou didst bid to crown thy sacrifice."

The King stood in his hall of offering,
On either hand the white-robed Brâhmins ranged
Muttered their mantras,[29] feeding still the fire
Which roared upon the midmost altar. There
From scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame,
Hissing and curling as they licked the gifts
Of ghî[30] and spices and the Sôma[31] juice,

27. *Sâkra:*—Indrâ.

28. *Dévarâj:*—The prince god.

29. *Mantras:*—Sacred stanzas from the Védas, used as prayers or incantations.

30. *Of ghî:*—Clarified butter.

31. *Sôma (Asclepias Acida):*—It is a creeping plant, almost

The joy of Indrâ. Round about the pile
A slow, thick, scarlet streamlet smoked and ran,
Sucked by the sand, but ever rolling down,
The blood of bleating victims. One such lay,
A spotted goat, long-horned, its head bound back
With mûnja grass;[32] at its stretched throat the knife
Pressed by a priest, who murmured, "This, dread gods,
Of many yajnas[33] cometh as the crown
From Bîmbisâra:[34] take ye joy to see
The spirted blood, and pleasure in the scent

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destitute of leaves, and has small white flowers collected round the extremities of the branches. It yields a pure milky juice, a drink very much used in ancient worship, but at present is almost unknown, and it is with difficulty that a priest can be found who understands its preparation. It is supposed to give health, wisdom, inspiration, even immortality, when received from the hands of a twice-born priest. Dr. Haug, an eminent Sanskrit scholar who resided some years in Western India, found a priest who, for a very mercenary consideration, consented to reproduce the ceremonies of the ancient sacrifices. He brewed Sôma juice, of which Dr. Haug says: "The sap of the plant now used at Pûna appears whitish, has a very stringent taste, is bitter, but not sour; it is a very nasty drink; and has some intoxicating effect. I tasted it several times, but it was impossible for me to drink more than some spoonfuls."

32. *Mûnja grass:*—A grass of which roofs are made, also ropes and girdles. The laws of Manû require that a priest's girdle shall be made of Mûnja grass.

33. *Yajnas:*—Sacrifices.

34. *Bîmbsâra:*—The prince who became one of Bûddha's earliest disciples, and who gave to him the Bambû garden where he spent a large part of his life.

Of rich flesh roasting 'mid the fragrant flames;
Let the King's sins be laid upon this goat,
And let the fire consume them burning it,
For now I strike."
But Bûddha softly said,[35]
"Let him not strike, great King!" and therewith loosed
The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great
His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays
For mercy to the gods, is merciless,
Being as god to those; albeit all life
Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.
Also he spake of what the holy books
Do surely teach, how that at death some sink

35. *But Bûddha softly said:*—Though Bûddhism as a religion has long since departed from India, the effects of Bûddha's teachings remain in a most marked degree. Through his teachings sacrifices of blood and animals, that previously were considered

To bird and beast, and these rise up to man
In wanderings of the spark which grows purged flame.
So were the sacrifice new sin, if so
The fated passage of a soul be stayed.
Nor, spake he, shall one wash his spirit clean
By blood; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood;
Nor bribe them, being evil; nay, nor lay
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts
One hair's weight of that answer all must give
For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that
The fixed arithmic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
Thus spake he, breathing words so piteous,
With such high lordliness of ruth and right,
The priests drew down their garments o'er the hands
Crimsoned with slaughter, and the King came near,
Standing with clasped palms reverencing Bûddh;
While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair

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indispensable, were almost entirely abandoned. The killing of animals, eating flesh, and drinking intoxicants were generally discontinued save by the lowest of the people. Bûddhism left the people of India vegetarians and total abstainers from spirituous liquors.

This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice;
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column: "Thus the King's will is:—
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful."
So ran the edict, and from those days forth
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Man and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,
On all those banks of Ganga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.

For aye so piteous was the Master's heart
To all that breathe this breath of fleeting life,
Yoked in one fellowship of joys and pains,
That it is written in the holy books
How, in an ancient age—when Bûddha wore

A Brâhmin's form, dwelling upon the rock
Named Mûnda, by the village of Dâlidd—
Drought withered all the land: the young rice died
Ere it could hide a quail; in forest glades
A fierce sun sucked the pools; grasses and herbs
Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled
Scattering for sustenance. At such a time,
Between the hot walls of a nallâh,[36] stretched
On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,
A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs
Glared with green flame; her dry tongue lolled a span
Beyond the gasping jaws and shrivelled jowl:
Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs,
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch
Rotten with rains; and at the poor lean dugs
Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked,
Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered nought;
While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly
The clamorous twins, and gave her flank to them
With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,
Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith
She laid her famished muzzle to the sand
And roared a savage thunder-peal of woe.
Seeing with bitter strait, and heeding nought

36. *Between the hot walls of a nallâh:*—The high parched banks of a dry water-course.

Save the immense compassion of a Bûddh,
Our Lord bethought: "There is no other way
To help this murderess of the woods but one.
By sunset these will die, having no meat:
There is no living heart will pity her,
Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.
Lo! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,
And how can love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost?" So saying, Bûddh
Silently laid aside sandals and staff,
His sacred thread,[37] turban, and cloth, and came
Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,
Saying, "Ho! mother, here is meat for thee!"
Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,
Sprang from her cubs, and, hurling to the earth
That willing victim, had her feast of him
With all the crooked daggers of her claws
Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs

37. *His sacred thread:*—When young, boys of the Brâhmin, and some of the princes at nine years of age, are invested with the triple cord. It consists of coarse cotton threads, that when a man marries is increased to nine.

The ceremonies of investiture last four days and are full of trifling detail, and very expensive. Hindûs of every caste believe it to be a meritorious act to contribute to the necessary expenses. The cotton of which the cord is made is sown, watered, gathered, and spun by Brâhmins. The instant it is touched in any stage by a person of another caste it loses its sacredness and must be replaced. It is worn over the left shoulder, and hangs down to the right hip.

Bathed in his blood: the great cat's burning breath
Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love.

Thus large the Master's heart was long ago,
Not only now, when with his gracious ruth
He bade cease cruel worship of the gods.
And much King Bîmbisâra prayed our Lord—
Learning his royal birth and holy search—
To tarry in that city, saying oft,
"Thy princely state may not abide such fasts;
Thy hands were made for sceptres, not for alms.
Sojourn with me, who have no son to rule,
And teach my kingdom wisdom, till I die,
Lodged in my palace with a beauteous bride."
But ever spake Sidhârtha, of set mind:
"These things I had, most noble King, and left,
Seeking the truth; which still I seek, and shall;
Not to be stayed though Sâkra's palace[38] ope'd
Its doors of pearl and Dévîs[39] wooed me in.
I go to build the Kingdom of the Law,
Journeying to Gâya and the forest shades,
Where, as I think, the light will come to me;
For nowise here among the Rishîs comes
That light, nor from the Shâstras,[40] nor from fasts

38. *Sâkra:*—Indrâ.

39. *Dévîs:*—Bright ones, goddesses.

40. *Shâstras:*—Scriptural writings of the Brâhmins.

Borne till the body faints, starved by the soul.
Yet there is light to reach and truth to win;
And surely, O true Friend, if I attain
I will return and quit thy love."

Thereat
Thrice round the Prince King Bîmbisâra paced,
Reverently bending to the Master's feet,
And bade him speed. So passed our Lord away
Towards Urâvilvâ,[41] not yet comforted,
And wan of face, and weak with six years' quest.
But they upon the hill and in the grove—
Alâra, Udrâ, and the ascetics five—
Had stayed him, saying all was written clear
In holy Shâstras, and that none might win
Higher than *Srûti*[42] and than *Smriti*[43]—nay,
Not the chief saints!—for how should mortal man
Be wiser than the Jnâna-Kând,[44] which tells
That Brahm is bodiless and actionless,
Passionless, calm, unqualified, unchanged,
Pure life, pure thought, pure joy? Or how should man
Be better than the Karma-Kând,[45] which shows

41. *Urâvilvâ* is situated on the northernmost spur of the Vindhya range.

42. *Srûti:*—Revealed Scriptures.

43. *Smriti:*—Traditional Scriptures.

44. *Jnâna-Kând:*—Theological portion of the Vêdas.

45. *Karma-Kând:*—Ritual portion of the Vêdas.

How he may strip passion and action off,
Break from the bond of self, and so, unsphered,
Be God, and melt into the vast divine;
Flying from false to true, from wars of sense
To peace eternal, where the Silence lives?

But the Prince heard them, not yet comforted.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THOU, who wouldst see where dawned the light at last,
North-westwards from the "Thousand Gardens"[1] go
By Ganga's valley till thy steps be set
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring,
Nîlâjan and Môhîna; follow them,
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahûa-trees,[2]
'Mid thickets of the sansâr[3] and the bîr,[4]
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet
In Phalgû's bed, flowing by rocky banks
To Gâya and the red Barabâr hills.[5]
Hard by that river spreads a thorny waste,
Urûwélâya named in ancient days,

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1. "*Thousand Gardens*":—See on the map of India in Colton's large Atlas, Hazârîbâgh.

2. *Mahûa*:—Same as môhra; see Note 18, Book the Fourth.

3. *Sansâr*:—Hemp.

4. *Bîr*:—Fig trees.

5. *Barabâr hills*:—The eastern portion of the Vindhya range. The origin of this range is given by the Hindûs as follows: When Hanûmân, the monkey god, and his hosts were assisting Râma to regain his wife Sîta from the King of Ceylon, they were obliged to build a bridge from the main-land to Ceylon; for this purpose they brought rocks from the Himâlaya mountains, nearly 1,500

With sandhills broken; on its verge a wood
Waves sea-green plumes and tassels thwart the sky,
With undergrowth where through a still flood steals,
Dappled with lôtus-blossoms, blue and white,
And peopled with quick fish and tortoises.
Near it the village of Sénânî[6] reared
Its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms,
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.

There in the sylvan solitudes once more
Lord Bûddha lived, musing the woes of men,
The ways of fate, the doctrines of the books,
The lessons of the creatures of the brake,
The secrets of the silence whence all come,
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go,
The life which lies between, like that arch flung
From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath
Mists for its masonry and vapoury piers,
Melting to void again which was so fair
With sapphire hues, garnet, and chrysoprase.
Moon after moon our Lord sate in the wood,

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miles distant. When the bridge was completed, word was sent back to the monkeys still coming with rocks that no more were needed, whereupon they cast down their loads, hence these hills. Between the main-land and Ceylon a rocky causeway still makes it necessary for ships to circumnavigate the island, instead of passing the channel.

6. *Village of Sénânî*:—Named for the army general, who was at that time the peaceful head man of the place.

So meditating these that he forgot
Ofttimes the hour of food, rising from thoughts
Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the moon,
To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce
Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead,
Shaken to earth by chattering ape or plucked
By purple parokeet. Therefore his grace
Faded; his body, worn by stress of soul,
Lost day by day the marks, thirty and two,[7]
Which testify the Bûddha. Scarce that leaf,
Fluttering so dry and withered to his feet
From off the sâl-branch,[8] bore less likeliness
Of spring's soft greenery than he of him
Who was the princely flower of all his land.

And once, at such a time, the o'erwrought Prince
Fell to the earth in deadly swoon, all spent,
Even as one slain, who hath no longer breath
Nor any stir of blood; so wan he was,
So motionless. But there came by that way
A shepherd-boy, who saw Sidhârtha lie
With lids fast-closed, and lines of nameless pain
Fixed on his lips—the fiery noonday sun
Beating upon his head—who, plucking boughs
From wild rose-apple trees, knitted them thick

7. *The marks, thirty and two:*—See Note 46, Book the First.

8. *Sâl-branch:—Shorea Robusta*, a hardwood tree.

Into a bower to shade the sacred face.
Also he poured upon the Master's lips
Drops of warm milk, pressed from his she-goat's bag.
Lest, being low caste, he, by touching, wrong one
So high and holy seeming. But the books
Tell how the jambû-branches,[9] planted thus,
Shot with quick life, in wealth of leaf and flower,
And glowing fruitage interlaced and close,
So that the bower grew like a tent of silk
Pitched for a king at hunting, decked with studs
Of silver-work and bosses of red gold.
And the boy worshiped, deeming him some god;
But our Lord gaining breath, arose and asked
Milk in the shepherd's lôtâ.[10] "Ah, my Lord,
I cannot give thee," quoth the lad; "thou seest
I am a Sûdra, and my touch defiles!"[11]

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9. *Jambû-branches:*—The rose-apple tree is most aptly described in the succeeding five lines, its graceful foliage forming a tent-like canopy, its flowers studs of silver work, and its fruit bosses of gold.

10. *Milk in the shepherd's lôtâ:*—In his drinking cup.

11. "*I am a Sûdra, and my touch defiles:*"—Caste causes strange contradictions. Brâhmin and Sûdra will take milk from one goat or cow, but not from the same cup, nor water from the same well or spring. The Brâhmin will take from the Sûdra uncooked food, and fruit, but not cooked food. When I was traveling in the Himâlayas our coolies, dirty, lousy, ill-smelling fellows, would not take water from a spring in which any of our company had dipped our cups, or from the stream unless they could go some distance above and get the water higher up. They would travel thirsty for miles, rather than *defile* themselves.

Then the World-honoured spake: "Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark[12] stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deed
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
Give me to drink, my brother; when I come
Unto my quest it shall be good for thee."
Thereat the peasant's heart was glad, and gave.

And on another day there passed that road
A band of tinselled girls, the nâtch-dancers

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12. *Tilka-mark:*—The tilka-mark and sacred thread are never given to any one of low birth. The tilka-mark varies in different castes and sects. One sect, the Kâmânûjas, have two perpendicular white lines drawn from the root of the hair to the commencement of each eyebrow, and a transverse streak connecting them across the root of the nose; in the center is a perpendicular streak of red, made with a preparation of rice, turmeric, and lime with acid. They also have streaks on the breast and each upper arm. The marks are supposed to represent the shell, discus, club and lotus which Vishnû bears in his four hands, while the central streak is Lakshmî. Some have the objects carved on wooden stamps with which they impress the emblems on their bodies, and some even cicatrize themselves with heated metallic representations. Another sect wear two red perpendicular lines, meeting in a semicircle on the top of the nose, with a round spot of red between them; others mark the forehead with transverse lines of ashes, and others put the sign of worship and caste on the temples and ears.

Of Indrâ's temple[13] in the town, with those
Who made their music—one that beat a drum
Set round with peacock-feathers, one that blew
The piping bânsûlî,[14] and one that twitched
A three-string sîtâr.[15] Lightly tripped they down
From ledge to ledge and through the chequered paths
To some gay festival, the silver bells
Chiming soft peals about the small brown feet,
Armlets and wrist-rings tattling answer shrill;
While he that bore the sîtâr thrummed and twanged
His threads of brass, and she beside him sang—

"*Fair goes the dancing when the sîtâr's tuned;*

13. —— *the nâtch-dancers*
Of Indrâ's temple.

In families where there is a surplus of girls, one is frequently dedicated or married to the god of a temple. The girl has no choice whatever in the matter, and is usually very young when placed in the temple service. Her life is one of the lowest prostitution. They are taught to dance, a performance which in itself is not so indecent as the dances of Western nations, but the object is frankly admitted. They are also taught to read and several accomplishments to make them attractive—a fact that has stood greatly in the way when respectable women desired education, lest they should be set down in the same class.

14. *The piping bânsûlî:*—A hollow bambû played as a flute.

15. *A three-string sîtâr:*—The introduction of the sîtâr in this poem is something of an anachronism, as the sîtâr was invented by a Mûhamedan over a thousand years later. Sîtâr is derived from the Persian sî, three, and tâ, string. It resembles a guitar with a hollow gourd for a body.

Tune us the sîtâr neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of men.

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sîtâr neither low nor high."

So sang the nâtch-girl to the pipe and wires,
Fluttering like some vain, painted butterfly
From glade to glade along the forest path,
Nor dreamed her light words echoed on the ear
Of him, that holy man, who sate so rapt
Under the fig-tree by the path. But Bûddh
Lifted his great brow as the wantons passed,
And spake: "The foolish ofttimes teach the wise;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most;
Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope."

Now, by that river dwelt a landholder
Pious and rich, master of many herds,
A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor;
And from his house the village drew its name—
"Sénânî."[16] Pleasant and in peace he lived,

16. *Sénânî:*—An army general.

Having for wife Sûjâta,[17] loveliest
Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain;
Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—
Passing calm years of household happiness
Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.
Wherefore, with many prayers she had besought[18]

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17. *Sûjâta:*—Nobly born.

18. *Wherefore, with many prayers she had besought*
Lakshmî; and many nights at full-moon gone
Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil.

On a certain moonlight night in mid winter, Shiv, or his emblem, the Lingam or Ling, is to be worshiped with jasmine flowers, and particular offerings are made to his bride by the women, of flowers, incense, lights, and condiments, in hope of securing children. At this season, also, "women walk in the forests with a fan in one hand, and eat certain vegetables in hope of beautiful children."

Mr. Ward gives a fuller account of these observances: "The worship is performed by a Brâhmin, under the vâta-tree—*Ficus Indica*—or under a branch of this tree planted in the house. At the time of this worship every woman of the village, dressed in her best clothes, with her face painted, her ornaments on, and her body anointed with oil, goes to the place of worship under the tree, taking in her hand an offering, over each of which the officiating Brâhmin performs the usual sacrifices. The offerings are sent to the house of the Brâhmin, or distributed to the eager bystanders. Among others who are eager to obtain some of these offerings, are childless women, each of whom sits down pensively among the crowd, and opens the end of her garment to receive

Lakshmî;[19] and many nights at full-moon gone
Round the great Lingam,[20] nine times nine, with gifts
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil
Praying a boy; also Sûjâta vowed—
If this should be—an offering of food
Unto the Wood-God, plenteous, delicate,
Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,
Such as the lips of Dévs[21] may taste and take.
And this had been: for there was born to her
A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay
Between Sûjâta's breasts, while she did pace
With grateful footsteps to the Wood-god's shrine,
One arm clasping her crimson sârî[22] close
To wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,
The other lifted high in comely curve
To steady on her head the bowl and dish
Which held the dainty victuals for the god.

But Râdha, sent before to sweep the ground
And tie the scarlet threads around the tree,[23]

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what the mothers are glad to bestow, when the giver says, 'May the blessing of Shâstî be upon you, and next year may you bring offerings with a child in your arms.'"

19. *Lakshmî:*—Goddess of fortune and prosperity.

20. *Lingam:*—Carved representation of the male organs.

21. *Dêvs:*—Gods.

22. *Sârî:*—Skirt and veil in one piece.

23. *And tie the scarlet threads around the tree:*—"On a day

Came eager, crying, "Ah, dear Mistress! look.
There is the Wood-god sitting in his place,
Revealed, with folded hands upon his knees.
See how the light shines round about his brow!
How mild and great he seems, with heavenly eyes!
Good fortune is it thus to meet the gods."

So,—thinking him divine,—Sûjâta drew
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,
With sweet face bent, "Would that the Holy One
Inhabiting this grove, Giver of Good,
Merciful unto me his handmaiden,
Vouchsafing now his presence, might accept
These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh made
With milk as white as new-carved ivory!"

Therewith into the golden bowl she poured
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Bûddh
Dropped attar from a crystal flask—distilled
Out of the hearts of roses: and he ate,
Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood
In reverence apart. But of that meal

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during a most popular festival held in March, the women worship the Anôla-tree—*Phyllanthus Emblica*—a kind of myrobalan. On this occasion, libations are poured at the foot of the tree, a red or yellow thread is bound round the trunk, prayers are offered up for its fruitfulness, and the ceremony is concluded by a reverential inclination of the head to the ancient tree, whose branches bear the marks of village reverence and care." (Missionary's Vade Mecum.)

So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord
Felt strength and life return as though the nights
Of watching and the days of fast had passed
In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh
Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,
Like some delighted bird at sudden streams
Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,
Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.
And more Sûjâta worshiped, seeing our Lord
Grow fairer and his countenance more bright:
"Art thou indeed the God?" she lowly asked,
"And hath my gift found favour?"
But Bûddh said,
"What is it thou dost bring me?"
"Holy One!"
Answered Sûjâta, "from our droves I took
Milk of a hundred mothers, newly-calved,
And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then
With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs
The six noblest and best of all our herds.
That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice
In silver lôtâs,[24] adding rice, well grown
From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,
So picked that every grain was like a pearl.
This did I of true heart, because I vowed

24. *In silver lôtâs:*—See 44, Book the Third.

Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy
I would make offering for my joy, and now,
I have my son, and all my life is bliss!"

Softly our Lord drew down the crimson fold,
And, laying on the little head those hands
Which help the worlds, he said, "Long be thy bliss!
And lightly fall on him the load of life!
For thou hast holpen me who am no God,
But one, thy Brother; heretofore a Prince
And now a wanderer, seeking night and day
These six hard years that light which somewhere shines
To lighten all men's darkness, if they knew!
And I shall find the light; yea, now it dawned
Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed
Which this pure food, fair Sister, hath restored,
Drawn manifold through lives to quicken life
As life itself passes by many births
To happier heights and purging off of sins.
Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough
Only to live? Can life and love suffice?"

Answered Sûjâta, "Worshipful! my heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moists the field.
It is enough for me to feel life's sun
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,
Making the loving summer of our home.

Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares
From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,
And give forth grain, and trim the tûlsî-plant,[25]
And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,
When my Lord lays his head upon my lap
Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan;
And so to supper-time at quiet eve,
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.[26]
Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep
After the temple and the talk with friends.
How should I not be happy, blest so much,
And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand
Shall lead his soul to Swarga,[27] if it need?
For holy books teach when a man shall plant
Trees for the travelers' shade, and dig a well
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,
It shall be good for such after their death;
And what the books say that I humbly take,
Being not wiser than those great of old
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.

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25. *Tûlsî-plant:*—See 7, Book the Third.

26. *When by his side I stand and serve the cakes:*—No wife eats with her husband among the Hindûs. She sets the meal before him, and eats what he sees fit to leave her.

27. *Swarga:*—The Swarga of the Hindûs, and Bihisht of the Mûhamedans, indicate Paradise as a place of luxury and sensual enjoyments, while Narak and Jahannam are those cares and pains that make a hell upon earth.

Also I think that good must come of good
And ill of evil—surely—unto all—
In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now'?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's[28] white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, grey spring-buds.
Ah, Sir! I know there might be woes to bear
Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust.
If this my babe pass first I think my heart
Would break—almost I hope my heart would break;
That I might clasp him dead and wait my Lord—
In whatsoever world holds faithful wives—
Duteous, attending till his hour should come.
But if Death called Sénânî, I should mount
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,[29]
My daily way, rejoicing when the torch

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28. *Champak:*—See Note 1, Book the Second.

29. ——*I should mount*
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap.

This refers to Satî, or the practice of burning the living wife with her dead husband. Satî was abolished in 1829, by Lord Bentinck, Governor-General of India.

Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke.
For it is written if an Indian wife
Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul
For every hair upon her head a crôr[30]
Of years in Swarga. Therefore fear I not;
And therefore, Holy Sir! my life is glad,
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,
Whereon the gods grant pity! But for me,
What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach,
Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus
Thy way of right and duty: grow, thou flower!
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade—the light
Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves
Which must spread broad in other suns, and lift
In later lives a crowned head to the sky.
Thou who hast worshiped me, I worship thee!
Excellent heart! learnëd unknowingly,
As the dove is which flieth home by love.
In thee is seen why there is hope for man

30. *Crôr:*—Ten millions.

And where we hold the wheel of life at will.
Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!
As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."

"Mayest thou achieve!" she said, with earnest eyes
Bent on her babe; who reached its tender hands
To Bûddh—knowing, belike, as children know,
More than we deem, and reverencing our Lord;
But he arose—made strong with that pure meat—
And bent his footsteps where a great Tree grew,
The Bôdhî-tree[31] (thenceforward in all years

31. *Bôdhî-tree:*—The pîpal-tree, or tree of wisdom. A few hundred yards west of the Nîlâjan river, in a plain of great extent, about five miles from Gâya Proper, there are remarkable remains, that now consist of a confused heap of brick and stone, exhibiting traces of having once been regularly arranged. There is a building called the temple of Bûddha, built of brick, and lofty, now so honeycombed with age as to excite surprise that it continues erect. On the terrace behind the temple a pîpal-tree is growing, which the Hindûs suppose to have been planted by Brâhmâ. It is supposed by the Bûddhists to be exactly in the center of the earth. In 1812, this tree was in full vigor, and appeared to be about one hundred years of age; a similar one may have been in the place when the temple was entire. (Manual of Bûddhism.) Miss Brittain gives an account of an old stone pillar which is said to be of Bûddhist origin, and to have been built by Asôka, 240 B. C., for the purpose of inscribing upon it his edicts with regard to spreading the Bûddhist religion. It was formerly the custom to place in front of these monuments a pîpal-tree.

This pillar had at one time such a tree beside it, but many years

Never to fade, and ever to be kept
In homage of the world), beneath whose leaves
It was ordained the Truth should come to Bûddh:
Which now the Master knew; wherefore he went
With measured pace, steadfast, majestical,
Unto the Tree of Wisdom. Oh, ye Worlds!
Rejoice! our Lord wended unto the Tree!

Whom—as he passed into its ample shade,
Cloistered with columned dropping stems, and roofed
With vaults of glistering green—the conscious earth
Worshiped with waving grass and sudden flush
Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs
Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed

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ago the tree was removed, and placed in an old temple near by. "You enter this temple, which is now only a dark cave, or grotto, and are led down a long, dark, narrow passage by a Brâhmin priest carrying a torch, the smell and smoke of which, combined with the damp fumes of the place, render a long visit impossible. At the end of the dark passage is a large square, which must formerly have been a court-yard; further on is the principal chamber of the temple. Here is the pîpal-tree. It is just the trunk of a tree separated near the ground into two large limbs or arms. These limbs are cut off short, so that the whole length of the tree is probably only ten or twelve feet. From this body and arms there proceed a great many young sprouts; these, however, are prevented from ever becoming larger by the number of pilgrims visiting this holy spot, who each carry away a leaf or twig. The leaves are perfectly white. It is a wonderful thing, this tree, thus living and growing for hundreds of years, under ground, and in utter darkness."

Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus-scents
Breathed by the Water-gods. Large wondering eyes
Of woodland creatures—panther, boar, and deer—
At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign
From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound
The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood
In honour of our Lord; bright butterflies
Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,
To be his fan-bearers; the fierce kite dropped
Its prey and screamed; the striped palm-squirrel raced
From stem to stem to see; the weaver bird
Chirped from her swinging nest; the lizard ran;
The kôîl[32] sang her hymn; the doves flocked round;
Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad.
Voices of earth and air joined in one song,[33]

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32. *The kôîl sang her hymn:*—The cuckoo.

33. *Voices of earth and air joined in one song:*—Oriental writers with glowing descriptions always represent all nature, celestial and terrestrial, as cognizant of, and acting in accord with spiritual manifestations. When the Hindû King Bijâla, in a moment of wickedness, commanded the eyes of two holy men to be put out, his fortune left him, and grievous signs followed; the crows crowed in the night, jackals howled by day, the sun was eclipsed, storms of wind and rain came on, the earth shook, darkness overspread the heavens, and the inhabitants of the city were filled with terror. In Persian writings the idea that nature is "'ware and glad" though men, by the hardness of their hearts, may not perceive it, is constantly presented. The following is from the Gûlistân, by Shêkh Sâdî in the 13th century.

"Once I traveled to Hijâz along with some young men of virt-

Which unto ears that hear said, "Lord and Friend!
Lover and Saviour! Thou who hast subdued
Angers and prides, desires and fears and doubts,
Thou that for each and all hast given thyself,
Pass to the Tree! The sad world blesseth thee
Who art the Bûddh that shall assuage her woes.
Pass, Hailed and Honoured! strive thy last for us,
King and high Conqueror! thine hour is come;
This is the Night the ages waited for!"
Then fell the night, even as our Master sate
Under that Tree. But he who is the Prince

---

uous disposition, who had been my intimate friends and constant companions. Frequently, in their mirth, they recited spiritual verses. There happened to be in the party an Abid, who thought unfavorably of the morals of Darwêshes, being ignorant of their sufferings. At length we arrived at the grove of palm-trees of Bénî Hallâl, when a boy of a dark complexion came out of one of the Arab families, and sung in such a strain as arrested the birds in their flight through the air. I beheld the Abid's camel dancing, and after flinging his rider, he took the road of the desert. I said: 'O Shékh, those strains delighted the brutes, but made no impression on you; knowest thou what the nightingale of the morning said to me! What kind of a man art thou, who art ignorant of love? The camel is thrown into ecstasy by the Arabic verses, for which, if thou hast no relish, thou art a cross-grained brute. When the camel is captivated with ecstatic frenzy, that man who can be insensible is an ass. The wind blowing over the plains causes the tender branches of the fan-tree to bend before it, but affects not the hard stone. Everything that you behold is exclaiming the praises of God, as is well known to the understanding heart; not only the nightingale and the rose-bush are chanting praises to God, but every thorn is a tongue to extol him.'"

Of Darkness, Mâra[34]—knowing this was Bûddh
Who should deliver men, and now the hour
When he should find the Truth and save the worlds—
Gave unto all his evil powers command.
Wherefore there trooped from every deepest pit

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34. *But he who is the Prince*
Of Darkness, Mâra.

The legend says that Mâra came to Sidhârtha as he was leaving his home and besought him to remain and enjoy life as a chakravartin, but the Prince answered in a mighty voice: "A thousand or a hundred thousand honors such as these to which you refer would have no power to charm me to-day. I seek the Bûddhaship. I want not the seven treasures of the chakravartin; therefore, begone, hinder me not." Mâra, perceiving that his kingdom would eventually become depopulated through Bûddha's merit, left him, angrily declaring that he should not cease to tempt him by every device in his power. He kept his word, but on the day when the Prince should become Bûddha, he assembled his hosts for the final battle. This is described in the curious, but tedious, extravagance of Bûddhist writers in the legends, of which but a hint can be given. It is said that Mâra mounted on an elephant one thousand miles high, and marched to the assault with an attendant army one hundred and sixty-four miles long, each warrior in the shape of some horrid monstrosity. He sent a mighty wind against Bûddha, which hurled rocks thirty miles high, but it could not lift a hair of his head. He poured a rain whose drops were as big as palm-trees, but their scattering spray could not touch Bûddha. One hundred thousand burning mountains were transformed by the gentleness of the Bûddhist spirit into flowers that fell at his feet. The result of the temptation was that one hundred and thirty-six burning hells opened, scattering the hosts of evil, when the elephant, with his trunk in his mouth and his tail between his legs, ran away. All this extravagant story was probably first given as an allegorical description of an enlightened mind struggling with the power of evil.

The fiends who war with Wisdom and the Light,
Arâtî,[35] Trishnâ,[36] Râgâ,[37] and their crew
Of passions, horrors, ignorances, lusts,
The brood of gloom and dread; all hating Bûddh,
Seeking to shake his mind; nor knoweth one,
Not even the wisest, how those fiends of Hell
Battled that night to keep the Truth from Bûddh:
Sometimes with terrors of the tempest, blasts
Of demon-armies clouding all the wind
With thunder, and with blinding lightning flung
In jagged javelins of purple wrath
From splitting skies; sometimes with wiles and words
Fair-sounding, 'mid hushed leaves and softened airs
From shapes of witching beauty; wanton songs,
Whispers of love; sometimes with royal allures
Of proffered rule; sometimes with mocking doubts,
Making truth vain. But whether these befell
Without and visible, or whether Bûddh
Strove with fell spirits in his inmost heart,
Judge ye:—I write what ancient books have writ.

The ten chief Sins came—Mâra's mighty ones,
Angels of evil—Attavâda first,
The Sin of Self, who in the Universe
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,

35. *Arâtî:*—Pain.
36. *Trishnâ:*—Avarice, desire, or thirst.
37. *Râgâ:*—Passion.

And, crying "I," would have the world say "I,"
And all things perish so if she endure.
"If thou be'st Bûddh," she said, "let others grope
Lightless; it is enough that Thou art Thou
Changelessly; rise and take the bliss of gods
Who change not, heed not, strive not." But Bûddh spake,
"The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse;
Cheat such as love themselves." Then came wan Doubt,
He that denies—the mocking Sin—and this
Hissed in the Master's ear, "All things are shows,
And vain the knowledge of their vanity;
Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself;
Rise and go hence, there is no better way
Than patient scorn, nor any help for man,
Nor any staying of his whirling wheel."
But quoth our Lord, "Thou hast no part with me,
False Visikitcha! subtlest of man's foes."
And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,
Sîlabbat-paramâsa, sorceress,
Draped fair in many lands as lowly Faith,
But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers;
The keeper of those keys which lock up Hells
And open Heavens. "Wilt thou dare," she said,
"Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,

Unpeople all the temples, shaking down
That law which feeds the priests and props the realms?"
But Bûddha answered, "What thou bidd'st me keep
Is form which passes, but the free Truth stands;
Get thee unto thy darkness." Next there drew
Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,
Kâma,[38] the King of passions, who hath sway
Over the gods themselves, Lord of all loves,
Ruler of Pleasure's realm. Laughing he came
Unto the Tree, bearing his bow of gold
Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire
Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame, which stings
The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb:
And round him came into that lonely place
Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips
Singing in lovely words the praise of Love
To music of invisible sweet chords,

38. *Kâma:*—The Indian Cupid, whose history bears much resemblance to the Cupid of Grecian mythology. In Shakespeare's "Hindûstânî Dictionary" the story is given as follows: Kâma was consumed by the fiery rage of Mahâdéva for interrupting him in his devotions, and Râtî, Kâma's wife and Venus of the Hindûs, being disconsolate for the loss of her husband, was informed by Parvatî, the wife of the enraged Mahâdéva, that he would be born in the house of Krishna, and would have the name of Pradyûmna; but that Râja Sambara would steal him away and cast him into the sea; that thence he would be taken in the belly of a fish to the kitchen of Sambara, and she must go and wait for him there. Following this advice, she remained in the kitchen of the Râja till

So witching, that it seemed the night stood still
To hear them, and the listening stars and moon
Paused in their orbits while these hymned to Bûddh
Of lost delights, and how a mortal man
Findeth nought dearer in the three wide worlds
Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts
Of Beauty and the rosy breast-blossoms,
Love's rubies; nay, and toucheth nought more high
Than is that dulcet harmony of form
Seen in the lines and charms of loveliness,
Unspeakable, yet speaking, soul to soul,
Owned by the bounding blood, worshiped by will
Which leaps to seize it, knowing this is best,
This the true heaven where mortals are like gods,
Makers and Masters, this the gift of gifts
Ever renewed and worth a thousand woes.
For who hath grieved when soft arms shut him safe,
And all life melted to a happy sigh,
And all the world was given in one warm kiss?
So sang they with soft float of beckoning hands,

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it happened that a large fish, on being opened by the cook, was found to contain another fish, and when this was opened a child issued from its belly. Râtî, by command of the Râja, reared this child. When Kâma was grown she made him acquainted with what Parvatî had told her, and advised him to kill Sambara and return with her to the house of Krishna where he was born. This was accomplished, and Râtî was married to him on his return to his parents. Hence Râtî is considered as both wife and mother of Kâma.

Eyes lighted with love-flames, alluring smiles;
In wanton dance their supple sides and limbs
Revealing and concealing like burst buds
Which tell their colour, but hide yet their hearts.
Never so matchless grace delighted eye
As troop by troop these midnight dancers swept
Nearer the Tree, each daintier than the last,
Murmuring "O great Sidhârtha! I am thine,
Taste of my mouth and see if youth is sweet!"
Also, when nothing moved our Master's mind,
Lo! Kâma waved his magic bow, and lo!
The band of dancers opened, and a shape,
Fairest and stateliest of the throng, came forth
Wearing the guise of sweet Yasôdhara.
Tender the passion of those dark eyes seemed
Brimming with tears; yearning those outspread arms
Opened towards him; musical that moan
Wherewith the beauteous shadow named his name,
Sighing, "My Prince! I die for lack of thee!
What heaven hast thou found like that we knew
By bright Rôhînî in the Pleasure-house,
Where all these weary years I weep for thee?
Return, Sidhârtha! ah! return. But touch
My lips again, but let me to thy breast
Once, and these fruitless dreams will end! Oh, look!
Am I not she thou lovedst?" But Bûddh said,
"For that sweet sake of her thou playest thus,

Fair and false Shadow! is thy playing vain;
I curse thee not who wear'st a form so dear,
Yet as thou art so are all earthly shows.
Melt to thy void again!" Thereat, a cry
Thrilled through the grove, and all that comely rout
Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail
Of vaporous robes.

Next, under darkening skies
And noise of rising storm, came fiercer Sins,
The rearmost of the Ten; Pâtigha—Hate—
With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.
Little wrought she upon that Holy One
Who with his calm eyes dumbed her bitter lips
And made her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.
Then followed Rûpâraga—Lust of days—
That sensual Sin which out of greed for life
Forgets to live; and next him Lust of Fame,
Nobler Arûpâraga, she whose spell
Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,
Battles and toils. And haughty Manô came,
The Fiend of Pride; and smooth Self-Righteousness,
Uddhachcha; and—with many a hideous band
Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped
Toad-like and bat-like—Ignorance, the Dam
Of Fear and Wrong, Avidyâ, hideous hag,

Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,
The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams
Of levin-lighted rain; stars shot from heaven,
The solid earth shuddered as if one laid
Flame to her gaping wounds; the torn black air
Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,
Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts
Terrible and majestic, Lords of Hell
Who from a thousand Limbos led their troops
To tempt the Master.
But Bûddh heeded not,
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled
As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;
Also the Sacred Tree—the Bôdhî-tree—
Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf
Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves
No zephyr spills the gathering gems of dew;
For all this clamour raged outside the shade
Spread by those cloistered stems:
In the third watch,—
The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,
A soft air breathing from the sinking moon—
Our Lord attained *Sammâ-sambûddh;*[39] he saw,
By light which shines beyond our mortal ken,

39. *Sammâ-sambûddh:*—To perceive thoroughly, with calm peace of mind.

The line of all his lives in all the worlds;
Far back, and farther back, and farthest yet,
Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,
At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks
His path wind up by precipice and crag,
Past thickset woods shrunk to a patch; through bogs
Glittering false-green; down hollows where he toiled
Breathless; on dizzy ridges where his feet
Had well nigh slipped; beyond the sunny lawns,
The cataract, and the cavern, and the pool,
Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang
To reach the blue; thus Bûddha did behold
Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low
Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher
Whereon the ten great Virtues[40] wait to lead
The climber skyward. Also, Bûddha saw
How new life reaps what the old life did sow;
How where its march breaks off its march begins;
Holding the gain and answering for the loss;
And how in each life good begets more good,

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40. *Ten great Virtues,* or Dasa-Sîl, are ten obligations binding upon a priest. They forbid: 1. The taking of life. 2. The taking of that which is not given. 3. Sexual intercourse. 4. The saying of that which is not true. 5. The use of intoxicating drinks. 6. The eating of solid food after mid-day. 7. Attendance upon dancing, singing, music, and masks. 8. The adorning of the body with flowers and the use of perfumes and unguents. 9. The use of seats or couches above the prescribed height. 10. The receiving of gold and silver.

Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up
Debit or credit, whereupon th' account
In merits or demerits stamps itself
By sure arithmic—where no tittle drops—
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives foregone:
And in the middle watch
Our Lord attained *Abhidjna*[41]—insight vast
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one, yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds
By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendours, star to star

41. *Abhidjna*:—The line of all his lives in all the worlds. Many volumes of Bûddhist literature are given to the ante-natal life of Bûddha. According to one author his retrospect of past lives extended through ten millions of millions and one thousand kalpas, the shortest of which was sixteen millions of years, the longest thirty-two millions.

Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
From centres ever shifting unto cirques
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of Kalpas, Mahâkalpas[42]—terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Ganga from her springs to the sea,
Measureless unto speech—whereby these wax
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfils its shining life, and darkling dies.
Sakwal by Sakwal,[43] depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking—behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,

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42. *Kalpas, Mahâkalpas:*—See Note 70, Book the First.

43. *Sakwal:*—"There are innumerable systems of worlds, each system having its own earth, sun, moon, etc. The space to which the light of the sun or moon extends is called a sakwala. Each sakwala includes an earth, with its continents, islands and oceans, and a mountain in the center called Mahâ Mêrû, as well as a series of hells and heavens. The sakwalas are scattered throughout space, in sections of three and three. All the sakwalas in one section touch each other, and in the space between is the Lôkantarika hell. Each sakwala is surrounded by a wall of rock called a sakwala-gala." (Manual of Bûddhism.) These sakwalas are innumerable, but were all visible to Bûddha and under the power of his teaching.

To fullness void, to form the yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best,
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods,
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme;
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use:
So that all things do well which serve the Power,
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly
Globing together in the common work;
And man who lives to die, dies to live well
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small which suffer life.
These did our Lord see in the middle watch.

But, when the fourth watch came, the secret came
Of Sorrow, which with evil mars the law,
As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire.
Then was the Dûkha-Satyâ[44] opened him
First of the "Noble Truths;"[45] how Sorrow is

44. *Dûkha-Satyâ*:—The power of sorrow.

45. "*Noble Truths*":—Mr. Gogerly gives one of the most intelligible translations of these truths. They are: "1. That every

Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
Not to be laid aside until one lays
Living aside, with all its changing states,
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
Being and doing. How that none strips off
These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks
Knowledge to know them snares; but he who knows
Avidya—Delusion—sets those snares,
Loves life no longer, but ensues escape.
The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees
Delusion breeds Sankhâra, Tendency
Perverse; Tendency Energy—Vidnnân—
Whereby comes Namarûpa, local Form
And Name and Bodiment, bringing the man
With senses naked to the sensible,
A helpless mirror of all shows which pass
Across his heart; and so Védânâ grows—
"Sense-life"—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,
But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,
Trishnâ, that thirst which makes the living drink
Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves
Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love;
Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes and pride

existent thing is a source of sorrow. 2. That continued sorrow results from a continued attachment to existing objects. 3. That a freedom from this attachment liberates from existence. 4. The path leading to this state contains eight sections."

Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife
To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,
Some bitter. Thus Life's thirst quenches itself
With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise
Tears from his soul this Trishnâ, feeds his sense
No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek
All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
And so constraining passions that they die
Famished; till all the sum of ended life—
The *Karmâ*[46]—all that total of a soul
Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
The "Self" it wove—with woof of viewless time,

46. *Karmâ:*—Is that which controls the destiny of all things, and includes both merit and demerit. This doctrine of Karmâ constantly appears in both Bûddhist and Brâhminical writings with many shades of meaning and endless explanation. Bûddha's own definition is: "All sentient beings have their own individual Karmâ, or the most essential property of all beings is karmâ; karmâ comes by inheritance, or that which is inherited— not from parentage, but from previous births, is karmâ; karmâ is the cause of all good and evil, or they come by means of karmâ, or on account of karmâ; karmâ is a kinsman; karmâ is an assistant, or that which promotes the prosperity of any one is his good karmâ; it is the difference in the karmâ, as to whether it be good or evil, that causes the difference in the lot of men, so that some are mean, and others are exalted, some are miserable and others happy." The listening disciple still found himself like a man with a bandage over his eyes, and unable to see the point, so he asked explanation at length; after which he perceived that the differences in the lot of men, as at present seen, are produced by the karmâ of different births.

Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—
The outcome of him on the Universe,
Grows pure and sinless; either never more
Needing to find a body and a place,
Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
In new existence that the new toils prove
Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
Thus "finishing the Path"; free from Earth's cheats;
Released from all the Skandhas[47] of the flesh;
Broken from ties—from Upâdânas[48]—saved
From whirling on the Wheel; aroused and sane
As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.
Until—greater than Kings, than gods more glad!—
The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed NIRVÂNA[49]—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes!

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47. *Skandhas:*—Elements of sentient existence.

48. *Upâdânas:*—Subordinate duties, or the cleaving to existing objects.

49. *Nirvâna:*—Bûddhism, in common with all other religions, is divided into many sects, each holding their peculiar shades of doctrine and belief. The great subject with them, for debate and speculation, is Nirvâna. Not more continuous or prolix are our disquisitions, or wordy and heated are our debates on the subject of future punishment, than are the treatises and discussions in bazâr and temple, by Brâhmins as well as Bûddhists, on Nirvâna. The most generally accepted idea among Brâhmins is that of reunion with original spirit, Brahm. The Védas say of the soul: "The soul is a portion of the Supreme Ruler, as a spark is of fire.

Lo! the Dawn
Sprang with Bûddh's victory! lo! in the East
Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth
Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.

The relation between them is not that of master and servant, ruler and subject, but both that of whole and part." Among some this idea prevails: "The living soul, at the death of the body, attended with all its faculties, retires within a rudiment body composed of light, with the rest of the five elements in a subtile state. In that condition the soul, united to a subtile elementary frame, conjoined with the vital faculties, remains till the dissolution of the world, when it merges in the Supreme Deity. That frame is imperceptible to those who see the death of the body. It is not injured by the burning of the body or anything else. It can be known by its heat as long as it remains in the gross body." The following extracts represent a few shades of opinion respecting Nirvâna among Bûddhists.

"Spence Hardy, and Bigandet find in the modern Singhalese and Barmese books the same opinion concerning Nirvâna as Alvis, Gogerly, and especially Childers, have found in the more ancient authorities; and though the modern books of the Northern Bûddhists are doubtful, Eugene Burnouf has clearly proved that their older texts contain only the same doctrines, as that held in the south. Bûddhism does not acknowledge the existence of a soul as distinct from the parts and powers of man which are dissolved at death, and the Nirvâna of Bûddhism is simply extinction." (Cyclopedia Brittanica.)

"Nirvâna is not extinction or going out of the soul, but it is the going out in the heart of the three fires of lust, anger, and delusion, and the craving from which they come." (T. W. Rhys Davids, in Fortnightly Review.)

The Bûddhists of Barmâh define Nirvâna or Nigbân as freedom from old age, disease, and death.

Professor Max Müller says: "According to the metaphysical tenets, if not of Bûddha himself, at least of his sect, there is no

High in the widening blue the herald-star
Faded to paler silver as there shot
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills
Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,
And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower
Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan unfold
Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass

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reality anywhere, neither in the past nor in the future. True wisdom consists in perceiving the nothingness of all things, and in a desire to become nothing, to be blown out, to enter into Nirvâna. Emancipation is obtained by total extinction, not by absorption into Brahm, or by a recovery of the soul's true state. If to *be* is misery, not to *be* must be felicity; and this felicity is the highest reward which Bûddha promised his disciples.

"One school believes that Nirvrittî or Nirvâna is nature or substance in repose, another claims that it is annihilation. The earliest written works which we possess on Bûddhism were composed by Bûddha's pupils and friends; these teach that Nirvâna is annihilation, not absorption." (Chips from a German Workshop.)

Professor Wilson says that in the Saddharma Lankâvatarva, Sâkya is represented as confuting all the Brâhminical notions of Nirvâna, and concludes by expounding it to be the complete annihilation of the thinking principle, illustrating his doctrine by the comparison generally employed, of the exhaustion of the light of a lamp which goes out of itself. In the Brahmâjâla, or Pâlî-Sûtra, where again Sâkya is made to confute sixty-two Brâhminical heresies, he winds up by saying: "Existence is a tree; the merit or demerit of the actions of men is the fruit of that tree, and the seed of future trees; death is the withering away of the old tree from which others have sprung; wisdom and virtue take away the germinating principle, so that, when the tree dies, there is no reproduction. This is Nirvâna."

Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,
Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,
Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved
Glad salutation; darting beams of gold
Into the glades; touching with magic wand
The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake
Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes
And saying "It is day!" in nested sleep
Touching the small heads under many a wing
And whispering "Children, praise the light of day!"
Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,
The Kôîl's[50] fluted song, the Bûlbûl's[51] hymn,
The "morning, morning" of the painted thrush,
The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth
To find the honey ere the bees be out,
The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's[52] chirp,
The never-finished love-talk of the doves:
Yea! and so holy was the influence
Of that high Dawn which came with victory
That, far and near, in homes of men there spread
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;

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50. *Kôîl:*—Cuckoo.

51. *Bûlbûl:*—Nightingale.

52. *Myna:*—Indian robin.

The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff
Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.
Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped
Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled
As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung
From fountains farther than the utmost East;
And o'er the heart of sad Yasôdhara,
Sitting forlorn at Prince Sidhârtha's bed,
Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail
Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.
So glad the World was—though it wist not why—
That over desolate wastes went swooning songs
Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Préts[53] and Bhûts[54]
Foreseeing Bûddh; and Dévas in the air
Cried "It is finished, finished!" and the priests
Stood with the wondering people in the streets
Watching those golden splendours flood the sky,
And saying "There hath happed some mighty thing."
Also in Rân[55] and Jungle[56] grew that day
Friendship amongst the creatures; spotted deer
Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,

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53. *Préts:*—Evil spirits.
54. *Bhûts:*—Ghosts.
55. *Rân:*—Wilderness.
56. *Jungle:*—Wild country.

And chîtâhs[57] lapped the pool beside the bucks;
Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam
With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass
The nestling-finch; the emerald halcyons
Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—
Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick
Around his perch; the Spirit of our Lord
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,
Even while he mused under that Bôdhî-tree,[58]
Glorified with the Conquest gained for all,
And lighted by a Light greater than Day's.

Then he arose—radiant, rejoicing, strong—
Beneath the Tree, and lifting high his voice
Spake this, in hearing of all Times and Worlds:—

Anêkajâtisangsârang
Sandhâwissang anibhisang
Gahakârakangawesanto
Dûkkhâjâtipûnappûnang.

Gahakârakadithôsî;
Pûnagéhang nakâhasi;

57. *Chîtâhs:*—Small hunting leopards.

58. *Bôdhî-tree:*—See Note 31, Book the Sixth.

Sabhâtéphâsukhâbhaggâ,
Gahakâtangwisang khitang;
Wisangkhâragatang chittang;
Janhânangkhayamajhagâ.

MANY A HOUSE OF LIFE
HATH HELD ME—SEEKING EVER HIM WHO WROUGHT
THESE PRISONS OF THE SENSES, SORROW-FRAUGHT;
SORE WAS MY CEASELESS STRIFE!

BUT NOW,
THOU BUILDER OF THIS TABERNACLE—THOU!
I KNOW THEE! NEVER SHALT THOU BUILD AGAIN
THESE WALLS OF PAIN,
NOR RAISE THE ROOF-TREE OF DECEITS, NOR LAY
FRESH RAFTERS ON THE CLAY;
BROKEN THY HOUSE IS, AND THE RIDGE-POLE SPLIT!
DELUSION FASHIONED IT!
SAFE PASS I THENCE—DELIVERANCE TO OBTAIN.[59]

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59. *Many a House of Life, etc.:*—These stanzas are thus translated by Turnour: "Performing my pilgrimage through the eternity of countless existence, in sorrow have I unremittingly sought in vain the abode of the passions (*i. e.*, the human frame). Now, O artificer! art thou found. Henceforth no receptacle of sin shalt thou form, thy frames broken; thy ridge-pole shattered; thy soul—or mind—emancipated from liability to regeneration—by transmigration—has annihilated the dominion of the passions."

Mr. Gogerly translates thus:

"Through various transmigrations
I must travel if I do not discover

The builder whom I seek;—
Painful are repeated transmigrations.
I have seen the architect—and said—
'Thou shalt not build me another house;
Thy rafters are broken,
Thy roof-timbers scattered,
My mind is detached from all existing objects;
I have attained to the extinction of desire.'"

Mr. Hardy gives still another translation:

"Through many different births
I have run (to me not having found)
Seeking the architect of the desire resembling house.
Painful are repeated births!
O house-builder! I have seen thee—
Again a house thou canst not build for me.
I have broken thy rafters,
Thy central support is destroyed;
To Nirvâna my mind is gone.
I have arrived at the extinction of evil-desire."

Our minds, trained to the idea of a creating deity, and the need of a knowledge of Him, naturally suppose that this architect, this "Builder of this Tabernacle," must refer to some divine person; but in so doing we make the mistake of putting "Christian ideas into Bûddhist expressions." Mr. Gogerly's and Mr. Hardy's translations indicate that desire is the occasion of re-creation, and in overcoming this, in blotting out desires, good or evil, the end is attained. Mr. Arnold in his translation says: "Delusion fashioned it." This interpretation would bring Bûddha's meaning of architect in accord with the doctrine of Mayâ, illusion or delusion, one of the most ancient and popular doctrines of India. Mayâ is personified in Hindû scriptures as the wife of Brahm. Brahm, after seventy-two ages of silence, desired to renew the world; his desire became manifest in a female form—Mayâ—from whom all the mistaken notions current among mankind originate. The Hindû triad—Brâhmâ, Vishnû, and Shiv—were the offspring of Brahm and Mayâ; Brahm disappears, and Mayâ, deceiving her own sons, becomes by them the mother of Saraswatî, Lakshmî, and Uma, whom she weds to her sons, and, establishing herself at Jwâlamûkhî, leaves the three wedded pairs to frame the universe and give currency to the errors of practice and belief she

has taught them. In the schools of philosophy it is asserted that "the illusive power of ignorance produces the universe from the eggs of Brahm." It is also affirmed that matter exists not independent of perception, and that substances are indebted for their seeming reality to the ideas of the mind. Our intellects are purified by abstraction, and until we have attained a just appreciation of our own nature, and of that of universal spirit, our ideas are all wrong. Until the day of true knowledge dawns upon us we are asleep—in a dream; we misconceive of all we perceive, we take a rope for a snake; an oyster-shell for mother-of-pearl, mirage for real water. All that we see in our unilluminated condition is Mayâ, deception, illusion. There are no two things in existence; there is but one in all. There is no second, no matter; there is spirit alone. The world is not God; there is nothing but God in the world. Nature is compelled to assume the corporeal form that the ends of spirit may be fulfilled, namely, that it may be embodied, until by a series of transmigrations it has no longer need of such a state; it has attained knowledge, which is the cause of its liberation, and its connection with matter ceases. (Wilson's Religions of the Hindûs.)

"Soul desists," says the Sankhya Rarika, "because he has seen —or fully understood—nature. Nature ceases, or withdraws, because she has been seen."

"The union of spirit and matter, as the receiver and received, is without beginning. The origin of this union is Mayâ. The perfection of spirit is to be attributed to liberation from this union, and this is sought in the acquisition of discriminating wisdom. Actions performed under the influence of Mayâ are followed by eight millions of births in connection with some caste, with an appointed period of life, and subjection to the fruit of actions. This illusion, from whence arise the effects of actions, is to be destroyed by discriminating wisdom in reference to the Divine nature, leading to the reception of truth—God—and deliverance from the sorrows of transmigration." Another class of Hindû philosophers, in their subdivision of Saktî, or Mayâ, into four qualities—knowledge, desire, energy, and deception—show even more plainly what we are to understand by "the architect of the desire resembling house." They claim that the first Saktî, or knowledge, by its

partial extension, produces pain and sleep; but the Saktî of desire unfortunately obscures that of knowledge, and hinders it from perceiving that there is no other deity but the material body, propagation, life, and death. From this ignorant deviation, occasioned by desire, the inclinations of men are derived. The truly wise man, who would acquire knowledge of truth and nature, must therefore renounce desire.

"But," asks a new proselyte of a sage, "as all individuals are so many deities, or rather modifications of the same god, why are they not all endowed with the same talents and equal penetration; why are the greater part devoid of sublime intelligence?" The sage answered, "The evil proceeds entirely from the fourth Saktî, Mayâ, or illusion. It is the cause of all deception, and makes men take what is false for what is true. It has misled men into the belief that there are gods; that there are such vicissitudes as living and dying, pollution and purification. The only means of shunning the errors of Mayâ is to cling to the doctrine of Bûddhism."

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

SORROWFUL dwelt the King Sûddhôdana
All those long years among the Sâkya Lords
Lacking the speech and presence of his Son;
Sorrowful sate the sweet Yasôdhara
All those long years, knowing no joy of life,
Widowed of him her living Liege and Prince.
And ever, on the news of some recluse
Seen far away by pasturing camel-men,
Or traders threading devious paths for gain,
Messengers from the King had gone and come,
Bringing account of many a holy sage
Lonely and lost to home; but nought of him
The crown of white Kâpilavastû's line,
The glory of her monarch and his hope,
The heart's content of sweet Yasôdhara,
Far-wandered now, forgetful, changed, or dead.

But on a day in the Wasanta-time,[1]
When silver sprays swing on the mango-trees
And all the earth is clad with garb of spring,
The Princess sate by that bright garden-stream

1. *Wasanta-time:*—A festival held in the spring in honor of Kâmadéva, the god of love.

Whose gliding glass, bordered with lotus-cups,
Mirrored so often in the bliss gone by
Their clinging hands and meeting lips. Her lids
Were wan with tears, her tender cheeks had thinned;
Her lips' delicious curves were drawn with grief;
The lustrous glory of her hair was hid—
Close-bound as widows use; no ornament
She wore, nor any jewel clasped the cloth—
Coarse, and of mourning-white—crossed on her breast.
Slow moved and painfully those small fine feet
Which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall
In old years at the loving voice of him.
Her eyes, those lamps of love,—which were as if
Sunlight should shine from out the deepest dark,
Illumining Night's peace with Daytime's glow—
Unlighted now, and roving aimlessly,
Scarce marked the clustering signs of coming Spring,
So the silk lashes drooped over their orbs.
In one hand was a girdle thick with pearls,
Sidhârtha's—treasured since that night he fled—
(Ah, bitter Night! mother of weeping days!
When was fond Love so pitiless to love,
Save that this scorned to limit love by life?)
The other led her little son, a boy
Divinely fair, the pledge Sidhârtha left—
Named Rahûla—now seven years old, who tripped

Gladsome beside his mother, light of heart
To see the spring-blooms burgeon o'er the world.

So, while they lingered by the lotus-pools,
And, lightly laughing, Rahûla flung rice
To feed the blue and purple fish; and she
With sad eyes watched the swiftly-flying cranes,
Sighing, "Oh! creatures of the wandering wing,
If ye shall light where my dear Lord is hid,
Say that Yasôdhara lives nigh to death
For one word of his mouth, one touch of him!"—
Thus, as they played and sighed—mother and child—
Came some among the damsels of the Court
Saying, "Great Princess! there have entered in
At the south gate merchants of Hastinpûr,[2]
Tripûsha called and Bhallûk, men of worth,
Long travelled from the loud sea's edge, who bring
Marvellous lovely webs pictured with gold,
Waved blades of gilded steel, wrought bowls in brass,
Cut ivories, spice, simples, and unknown birds,
Treasures of far-off peoples; but they bring
That which doth beggar these, for He is seen!
Thy Lord,—our Lord,—the hope of all the land—
Sidhârtha! they have seen him face to face,
Yea, and have worshiped him with knees and brows,

2. *Hastinpûr:*—Ancient Délhî, the remains of which still exist about fifty-seven miles northeast of the modern city, on the banks of the old channel of the Ganges.

And offered offerings; for he is become
All which was shown, a Teacher of the wise,
World-honoured, holy, wonderful; a Bûddh
Who doth deliver men and save all flesh
By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven:
And, lo! he journeyeth hither, these do say."

Then—while the glad blood bounded in her veins
As Ganga leaps when first the mountain snows
Melt at her springs—up rose Yasôdhara
And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming tears
Beading her lashes. "Oh! call quick," she cried,
"These merchants to my pardâh,[3] for mine ears
Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news.
Go bring them in,—but, if their tale be true,
Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,
With gems that Kings shall envy: come ye too,
My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart."

So went those merchants to the Pleasure-House,
Full softly pacing through its golden ways
With naked feet,[4] amid the peering maids,

3. *Pardâh:*—Curtain.

4. *With naked feet:*—The people of India never wear shoes in the house. They always slip them off on the verandah.

Much wondering at the glories of the Court.
Whom, when they came without the pardâh's[5] folds,
A voice, tender and eager, filled and charmed
With trembling music, saying, "Ye are come
From far, fair Sirs! and ye have seen my Lord—
Yea, worshiped—for he is become a Bûddh,
World-honoured, holy, and delivers men,
And journeyeth hither. Speak! for, if this be,
Friends are ye of my House, welcome and dear."

Then answer made Tripûsha, "We have seen
That sacred Master, Princess! we have bowed
Before his feet; for who was lost a Prince
Is found a greater than the King of kings.
Under the Bôdhî-tree[6] by Phalgû's bank
That which shall save the world hath late been wrought
By him,—the Friend of all, the Prince of all—
Thine most, High Lady! from whose tears men win

5. *When they came without the pardâh's folds:*—The women of India who are of high rank and caste are not allowed to go outside of their own apartments except they are closely veiled and attended, neither may any man save husband, father, or brothers, go behind the curtains separating the women's rooms from the rest of the house. The curtains are made of long, fine splints of bambû, and lined with gauze. The women can look through these into the lighter outer apartments, but those outside cannot look within. These merchants standing outside the curtain displayed their goods and told their news, but saw not Yasôdhara.

6. *Bôdhî-tree:*—See Note 31, Book the Sixth.

The comfort of this Word the Master speaks.
Lo! he is well, as one beyond all ills,
Uplifted as a god from earthly woes,
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear.
Moreover as he entereth town by town,
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves
Troop to the wind or sheep draw after one
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard,
By Gâya in the green Tchîrnika[7] grove,
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence:
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall."

Thus spake he, and Yasôdhara, for joy,
Scarce mastered breath to answer, "Be it well
Now and at all times with ye, worthy friends!
Who bring good tidings; but of this great thing
Wist ye how it befell?"
Then Bhallûk told
Such as the people of the valleys knew
Of that dread night of conflict, when the air
Darkened with fiendish shadows, and the earth
Quaked, and the waters swelled with Mâra's wrath.[8]
Also how gloriously that morning broke
Radiant with rising hopes for man, and how

7. *Tchîrnika:*—A tree—*Pinus Longifolia.*

8. *Mâra's wrath:*—See Note 34, Book the Sixth.

The Lord was found rejoicing neath his Tree.
But many days the burden of release—
To be escaped beyond all storms of doubt,
Safe on Truth's shore—lay, spake he, on that heart
A golden load; for how shall men—Bûddh mused—
Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,
And drink of error from a thousand springs,
Having no mind to see, nor strength to break
The fleshly snare which binds them—how should such
Receive the Twelve Nidânas[9] and the Law
Redeeming all, yet strange to profit by,
As the caged bird oft shuns its opened door?
So had we missed the helpful victory
If, in this earth without a refuge, Bûddh,
Winning the way, had deemed it all too hard
For mortal feet and passed, none following him.
Yet pondered the compassion of our Lord;
But in that hour there rang a voice as sharp
As cry of travail, so as if the earth
Moaned in birth-throe, "*Nasyamî aham bhû*
Nasyatî lôka!" SURELY I AM LOST,
I AND MY CREATURES: then a pause, and next
A pleading sigh borne on the western wind,
"*Srûyatâm dharma, Bhagwat!*" OH, SUPREME!
LET THY GREAT LAW BE UTTERED! Whereupon

9. *Twelve Nidânas:*—Twelve treasures, or the eleven degrees of contemplation that lead to Nirvâna the last and twelfth degree.

The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,
Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear,
As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes
Seeth which buds will open to his beams
And which are not yet risen from their roots;
Then spake, divinely smiling, "Yea! I preach!
Whoso will listen let him learn the Law."

Afterwards passed he, said they, by the hills
Unto Benâres, where he taught the Five,[10]
Showing how birth and death should be destroyed,
And how man hath no fate except past deeds,
No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.
This was the fifteenth day of Vaishya[11]
Mid-afternoon, and that night was full moon.

But, of the Rishîs,[12] first Kaundinya
Owned the Four Truths[13] and entered on the Paths;
And after him Bhadraka, Asvajit,
Basava, Mahanâma; also there
Within the Deer-park,[14] at the feet of Bûddh,

10. *He taught the Five:*—The five ascetics who were Bûddha's companions during the six years he sought the truth.

11. *Vaishya:*—This month corresponds to half of April and May.

12. *The Rishîs* refers to the five ascetics, Bûddha's former companions.

13. *Four Truths:*—See Note 45, Book the Sixth.

14. *Within the Deer-park:*—This place, now Sarnâth, lies four

Yasad the Prince[15] with nobles fifty-four,
Hearing the blessed word our Master spake,
Worshiped and followed; for there sprang up peace
And knowledge of a new time come for men
In all who heard, as spring the flowers and grass
When water sparkles through a sandy plain.

These sixty—said they—did our Lord send forth,
Made perfect in restraint and passion-free,
To teach the Way; but the World-honoured turned
South from the Deer-park and Isipatân
To Yashtî and King Bîmbisâra's realm,
Where many days he taught; and after these
King Bîmbisâra and his folk believed,
Learning the law of love and ordered life.
Also he gave the Master, of free gift,—
Pouring forth water on the hands of Bûddh,—

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miles northwest of Benâres. Here are two large Stûpas, or Topes, sacred octagonal towers, built by King Asôka, 250 B. C. The larger, called Dhamék, is a solid, round tower, ninety-three feet in diameter at base, and one hundred and twenty-eight feet in height. The lower part is built of stone; the upper part of large bricks. Much of the carving, which still remains, is very beautiful.

15. *Yasad the Prince* was the son of Sûjâta, who gave to Bûddha the food that refreshed him for his mighty conflict with Mâra. Yasad went to Bûddha by night to inquire the way; he became a priest, and entered the first path. His fifty-four companions went to the monastery to induce him to return and play with them as usual, but when they saw his changed appearance, they resolved to become priests also, and shortly entered the paths.

The Bambû-Garden, named Wélûvâna,
Wherein are streams and caves and lovely glades;
And the King set a stone there, carved with this:—

Yé dharma hétûppabhawâ
Yésan hétûn Tathâgatô;
Aha yésan cha yo nirôdhô
Ewan wadi Mahâ Samanô.

"What life's course and cause sustain
These Tathâgatô made plain;
What delivers from life's woe
That our Lord hath made us know."

And, in that Garden—said they—there was held
A high Assembly, where the Teacher spake
Wisdom and power, winning all souls which heard;
So that nine hundred took the yellow robe—
Such as the Master wears,—and spread his Law;
And this the gâthâ[16] was wherewith he closed:—

Sabba pâpassa akaranan;
Kûsalassa ûpasampadâ:
Sa chitta pariyôdapanan;
Etan Bûdhânûsâsanan.

"Evil swells the debts to pay,
Good delivers and acquits;
Shun evil, follow good; hold sway
Over thyself. This is the Way."

16. *Gâthâ:*—A hymn not from the Védas.

Whom, when they ended, speaking so of him,
With gifts, and thanks which made the jewels dull,
The Princess recompensed. "But by what road
Wendeth my Lord?" she asked: the merchants said,
"Yôjans[17] threescore stretch from the city-walls
To Râjagriha, whence the easy path
Passeth by Sôna[18] hither, and the hills.
Our oxen, treading eight slow kôs[19] a day,
Came in one moon."

Then the King, hearing word,
Sent nobles of the Court—well-mounted lords—
Nine separate messengers, each embassy
Bidden to say, "The King Sûddhôdana—
Nearer the pyre by seven long years of lack,
Wherethrough he hath not ceased to seek for thee—
Prays of his son to come unto his own,
The Throne and people of this longing Realm,
Lest he shall die and see thy face no more."
Also nine horsemen sent Yasôdhara
Bidden to say, "The Princess of thy House—
Rahûla's mother[20]—craves to see thy face

17. *Yôjans:*—Five miles.

18. *Sôna:*—River Golden.

19. *Kôs:*—A kôs is two miles.

20. *Rahûla's mother:*—A Hindû never calls his wife by name: before she becomes a mother, she is known as "that one," or "ádmî," a person; afterward, the husband always speaks of his wife as such a boy's mother. The woman also speaks of her husband as the son's father.

As the night-blowing moon-flower's swelling heart[21]
Pines for the moon, as pale asôka-buds[22]
Wait for a woman's foot: if thou hast found
More than was lost, she prays her part in this,
Rahûla's part, but most of all thyself."
So sped the Sâkya Lords, but it befell
That each one, with the message in his mouth,
Entered the Bambû-Garden at that hour
When Bûddha taught his Law; and—hearing—each
Forgot to speak, lost thought of King and quest,
Of the sad Princess even; only gazed
Eye-rapt upon the Master; only hung
Heart-caught upon the speech, compassionate,
Commanding, perfect, pure, enlightening all,
Poured from those sacred lips. Look! like a bee
Winged for the hive, who sees the môgras[23] spread
And scents their utter sweetness on the air,

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21. *As the night-blowing moon-flower's swelling heart:*— The moon-plant is a climber. The leaves, in shape, are like those of the convolvulus major, but much larger, and on the under side are covered with a silvery down. The flowers are white, and like huge morning-glories, each one measuring from four to five inches across. They open only by moonlight.

22. *——as pale asôka-buds*
Wait for a woman's foot.

The blossoms of the asôka-tree (see Note 2, Book the Fourth,) emit a delightful fragrance when wet with the dew, just after sunset and before sunrise, or at the time when women step forth for air and exercise.

23. *Môgras:*—Double Arabian jasmine.

If he be honey-filled, it matters not;
If night be nigh, or rain, he will not heed;
Needs must he light on those delicious blooms
And drain their nectar; so these messengers
One with another, hearing Bûddha's words,
Let go the purpose of their speed, and mixed,
Heedless of all, amid the Master's train.
Wherefore the King bade that Udayî[24] go—
Chiefest in all the Court, and faithfullest,
Sidhârtha's playmate in the happier days—
Who, as he drew anear the garden, plucked
Blown tufts of tree-wool[25] from the grove and sealed
The entrance of his hearing; thus he came
Safe through the lofty peril of the place,
And told the message of the King, and hers.

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24. *Udayî:*—Named for the great Eastern mountain behind which the sun is supposed first to rise. Udayî was born at the same time as Bûddha, and his part in the renunciation was foreordained.

25. *Tree-wool:*—The cotton from the sémbhal, or cotton-tree. Not all men were so profoundly impressed with Bûddha's teaching. An old hymn of the Northern Bûddhists tells how Bûddha met, full of his newly-discovered mission, an acquaintance on the way, as he was going to the Deer Forest, the day after his attainment of Bûddhahood, to preach his doctrine to his old friends. He was struck with Bûddha's appearance, and asked him what religion made him so glad and yet so calm. Bûddha told him that he had now become free from all desires. His acquaintance apparently cared little for this, and asked him where he was going. The reply is striking. Bûddha said: "I am now going to the city of Benâres, to establish there a kingdom of righteousness; to give

Then meekly bowed his head and spake our Lord
Before the people, "Surely I shall go!
It is my duty as it was my will;
Let no man miss to render reverence
To those who lend him life, whereby come means
To live and die no more, but safe attain
Blissful Nirvâna,[26] if ye keep the Law,
Purging past wrongs and adding nought thereto,
Complete in love and lovely charities.
Let the King know and let the Princess hear
I take the way forthwith." This told, the folk
Of white Kâpilavastû and its fields
Made ready for the entrance of their Prince.
At the south gate a bright pavilion rose
With flower-wreathed pillars, and the walls of silk
Wrought on their red and green with woven gold.
Also the roads were laid with scented boughs
Of nîm[27] and mango,[28] and full masakhs[29] shed

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light to those enshrouded in darkness; to open the gate of immortality to men." His acquaintance sneered at his high-flown pretensions, and asked what he meant. Bûddha replied: "I have completely conquered all evil passions, and am not tied down to material existence. I only live to be the prophet of perfect truth." "In that case," answered the man, "venerable Gôtama, your way lies yonder; mine opposite," and left him. Probably most of us would have had the same feeling, if not the same words.

26. *Nirvâna:*—See Note 49, Book the Sixth.

27. *Nîm:*—See Note 33, Book the Second.

28. *Mango:*—See Note 86, Book the First.

29. *Masakhs:*—Goat-skins in which Mûhamedan water-carriers bear water.

Sandal and jasmine on the dust; and flags
Fluttered; and on the day when he should come
It was ordained how many elephants—
With silver howdahs[30] and their tusks gold-tipped—
Should wait beyond the ford, and where the drums
Should boom "Sidhârtha cometh!" where the lords
Should light and worship, and the dancing girls
Where they should strew their flowers, with dance and song,
So that the steed he rode might tramp knee-deep
In rose and balsam, and the ways be fair;
While the town rang with music and high joy.
This was ordained, and all men's ears were pricked
Dawn after dawn to catch the first drum's beat
Announcing, "Now he cometh!"
But it fell—
Eager to be before—Yasôdhara
Rode in her litter to the city-walls
Where soared the bright pavilion. All around
A beauteous garden smiled—Nigrôdha[31] named—
Shaded with bél-trees[32] and the green-plumed dates,
New-trimmed and gay with winding walks and banks
Of fruits and flowers; for the southern road
Skirted its lawns, on this hand leaf and bloom,

30. *With silver howdahs:*—Chairs of state, made purposely to strap on the elephant's back.

31. *Nigrôdha:*—Landscape garden.

32. *Bél-trees:*—Thorny Bengal quince.

On that the suburb-huts where base-borns dwelt
Outside the gates, a patient folk and poor,
Whose touch for Kshatriya[33] and priest of Brahm
Were sore defilement. Yet those, too, were quick
With expectation, rising ere the dawn
To peer along the road, to climb the trees
At far-off trumpet of some elephant,
Or stir of temple-drum; and when none came,
Busied with lowly chares[34] to please the Prince;
Sweeping their door-stones, setting forth their flags,
Stringing the fluted fig-leaves into chains,
New furbishing the Lingam,[35] decking new
Yesterday's faded arch of boughs, but aye
Questioning wayfarers if any noise
Be on the road of great Sidhârtha. These
The Princess marked with lovely languid eyes,
Watching, as they, the southward plain, and bent
Like them to listen if the passers gave
News of the path. So fell it she beheld
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand
An earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which

33. *Kshatriya:*—Soldier caste.

34. *Chares:*—A nearly obsolete English word, signifying labors. The same word in India, used adjectively, has nearly the same meaning.

35. *Lingam:*—See Note 20, Book the Sixth.

Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks
And all as gently passing where none gave.
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,
With so commanding presence filled the air,
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts
Grieved to be poor; till slowly, group by group,
Children and men and women drew behind
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,
"Who is he? who? when looked a Rishî[36] thus?"
But as he came with quiet footfall on
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasôdhara
Stood in his path crying, "Sidhârtha! Lord!"
With wide eyes streaming and with close-clasped hands,
Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay.

Afterwards, when this weeping lady passed
Into the Noble Paths,[37] and one had prayed
Answer from Bûddha wherefore—being vowed

36. *Rishî:*—Saint.
37. *Noble Paths:*—See page 233 of the poem.

Quit of all mortal passion and the touch,
Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman's hands—
He suffered such embrace, the Master said:
"The greater beareth with the lesser love
So it may raise it unto easier heights.
Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.
Free are ye rather that your freedom spread
By patient winning and sweet wisdom's skill.
Three eras of long toil bring Bôdhîsats[38]—
Who will be guides and help this darkling world—
Unto deliverance, and the first is named
Of deep 'Resolve,' the second of 'Attempt,'
The third of 'Nomination.' Lo! I lived
In era of Resolve, desiring good,
Searching for wisdom, but mine eyes were sealed.
Count the grey seeds on yonder castor-clump,
So many rains it is since I was Râm,
A merchant of the coast which looketh south
To Lanka[39] and the hiding-place of pearls.
Also in that far time Yasôdhara
Dwelt with me in our village by the sea,
Tender as now, and Lakshmî was her name.
And I remember how I journeyed thence
Seeking our gain, for poor the household was

38. *Bôdhîsats:*—Candidates for the Bûddhahood.
39. *Lanka:*—Ceylon.

And lowly. Not the less with wistful tears
She prayed me that I should not part, nor tempt
Perils by land and water. 'How could love
Leave what it loved?' she wailed; yet, venturing, I
Passed to the Straits, and after storm and toil
And deadly strife with creatures of the deep,
And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,
Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl
Moonlike and glorious, such as Kings might buy
Emptying their treasury. Then came I glad
Unto mine hills, but over all that land
Famine spread sore; ill was I stead to live
In journey home, and hardly reached my door—
Aching for food—with that white wealth of the sea
Tied in my girdle. Yet no food was there;
And on the threshold she for whom I toiled—
More than myself—lay with her speechless lips
Nigh unto death for one small gift of grain.
Then cried I, 'If there be who hath of grain,
Here is a kingdom's ransom for one life;
Give Lakshmî bread and take my moonlight pearl.'
Whereat one brought the last of all his hoard,
Millet—three sîrs[40]—and clutched the beauteous thing.
But Lakshmî lived, and sighed with gathered life,
'Lo! thou didst love indeed!' I spent my pearl

40. *Three sîrs:*—Six pounds.

Well in that life to comfort heart and mind
Else quite uncomforted; but these pure pearls,
My last great gain, won from a deeper wave—
The Twelve Nidânas[41] and the Law of Good—
Cannot be spent, nor dimmed, and most fulfil
Their perfect beauty being freeliest given.
For like as is to Mîrû[42] yonder hill
Heaped by the little ants, and like as dew
Dropped in the footmark of a bounding roe
Unto the shoreless seas, so was that gift
Unto my present giving; and so love—
Vaster in being free from toils of sense—
Was wisest stooping to the weaker heart;
And so the feet of sweet Yasôdhara
Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led."[43]

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41. *Twelve Nidânas:*—See Note 9, Book the Seventh.

42. *Mîrû:*—Same as Mount Sûmerû. See Note 19, Book the First.

43. *And so the feet of sweet Yasôdhara*
Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led.

The story of Yasôdhara's attainment of Nirvâna is very beautiful, as a few outlines will indicate. "When Sidhârtha became an ascetic, the Princess resolved upon following his example; but Sûddhôdana, in order to prevent it, placed guards around the city, declaring to her that the Prince would return; he was also fearful that, as she was so extremely beautiful, unless she was well protected, the Princes of other countries might hear of her situation, and come and take her away by force. But, although she was thus prevented from going to the forest, she resolved to keep the ordinances of the recluse in the palace; and for this purpose she had her head shaved, put on a yellow robe, and ate her food out

But when the King heard how Sidhârtha came
Shorn, with the mendicant's sad-coloured cloth,
And stretching out a bowl to gather orts
From base-borns' leavings, wrathful sorrow drave
Love from his heart. Thrice on the ground he spat,
Plucked at his silvered beard, and strode straight forth
Lackeyed by trembling lords. Frowning he clomb
Upon his war-horse, drove the spurs, and dashed,
Angered, through wondering streets and lanes of folk
Scarce finding breath to say, "The King! bow down!"

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of an earthen bowl. When Bûddha visited Kâpilavastû, after the attainment of his office, and on the second day after his arrival, she requested permission to become a priestess, but it was not granted, as Bûddha saw that the right of entrance into the order of the female priesthood belonged to the queen-mother Mahâprajâpatî. . . . In due time Yasôdhara became the rightful inheritor of all that had belonged to Sûddhôdana, Mahâmâya, Mahâprajâpatî, Sidhârtha, Nanda, Rahûla, Dévadatta, and Sûprabûdha, but she regarded the whole with aversion, even as if it had been a dead snake tied round her neck. She walked with her attendant princesses nearly five hundred miles to reside near Bûddha, refusing all offers of assistance on the journey, as all the luxuries of the world had been renounced. While at Séwét, she sometimes went to hear Bûddha preach, and sometimes to inquire after the health of Rahûla. On the evening of a certain day, as Yasôdhara was sitting alone, she thought of all her friends who had already entered Nirvâna. 'I was born on the same day as Bûddha, and in regular order ought to enter the city of peace upon the same day; but this would not be decorous to the great teacher. I am now seventy-eight years of age. In two years from this time Bûddha will attain Nirvâna. I will, therefore, request permission to obtain this privilege from Bûddha.' Accompanied by her attendants, she went to the monastery of Bûddha, and asked

Ere the loud cavalcade had clattered by:
Which—at the turning by the Temple-wall,
Where the south gate was seen—encountered full
A mighty crowd; to every edge of it
Poured fast more people, till the roads were lost,
Blotted by that huge company which thronged
And grew, close following him whose look serene
Met the old King's. Nor lived the father's wrath
Longer than while the gentle eyes of Bûddh
Lingered in worship on his troubled brows,
Then downcast sank, with his true knee, to earth
In proud humility. So dear it seemed
To see the Prince, to know him whole, to mark
That glory greater than of earthly state
Crowning his head, that majesty which brought
All men, so awed and silent, in his steps.

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forgiveness for the faults she might at any time have committed, and then presented her request. Bûddha said: 'You are the most virtuous of women; but from the time you became an ascetic you have not performed any miracle, so that some persons have doubted whether you are a rahat or not.' A great company assembled, but the Princess thought that, on account of the extreme beauty of her person, it would not be proper to perform a miracle in the same way as others, lest evil should arise in the minds of such of the faithful as were not yet free from evil desire. She therefore related the history of her former births, then rose in the air and worshiped Bûddha. The discourse that she delivered was upon the seven kinds of wives there are in the world of men. When all this was concluded, she retired to her own residence, and in the same night, while passing from contemplation to contemplation, saw the City of Peace."

Nathless, the King broke forth, "Ends it in this
That great Sidhârtha steals into his realm,
Wrapt in a clout, shorn, sandalled, craving food
Of low-borns, he whose life was as a god's?
My son! heir of this spacious power, and heir
Of Kings who did but clap their palms to have
What earth could give or eager service bring?
Thou should'st have come apparelled in thy rank,
With shining spears, and tramp of horse and foot.
Lo! all my soldiers camped upon the road,
And all my city waited at the gates;
Where hast thou sojourned through these evil years
Whilst thy crowned father mourned? and she, too, there
Lived as the widows use, foregoing joys;
Never once hearing sound of song or string,
Nor wearing once the festal robe, till now
When in her cloth of gold she welcomes home
A beggar-spouse in yellow remnants clad.
Son! why is this?"
"My Father!" came reply,
"It is the custom of my race."
"Thy race,"
Answered the King, "counteth a hundred thrones
From Mahâ Sammât,[44] but no deed like this."

"Not of a mortal line," the Master said,

44. *Mahâ Sammât*, the first monarch of the world, of the race of the sun, received existence by the apparitional birth. The ancestry of Bûddha is traced through individuals all of royal

"I spake, but of descent invisible,
The Bûddhas who have been and who shall be
Of these am I, and what they did I do,
And this, which now befalls, so fell before,
That at his gate a King in warrior-mail
Should meet his son, a Prince in hermit-weeds;
And that, by love and self-control, being more
Than mightiest Kings in all their puissance,
The appointed helper of the Worlds should bow—
As now do I—and with all lowly love
Proffer, where it is owed for tender debts,
The first-fruits of the treasure he hath brought;
Which now I proffer."
Then the King amazed
Inquired "What treasure?" and the Teacher took
Meekly the royal palm, and while they paced
Through worshiping streets—the Princess and the King
On either side—he told the things which make
For peace and pureness, those Four Noble Truths[45]
Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,
Those eight right Rules[46] whereby who will may walk—

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dignity, by Bûddhist historians back to this monarch; these have evidently borrowed names or invented them, determined to shed all honor possible upon his name.

45. *Four Noble Truths:*—See Note 45, Book the Sixth.

46. *Those eight right Rules:*—Right views, high aims, kindly

Monarch or slave—upon the perfect Path
That hath its Stages Four[47] and Precepts Eight,[48]

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speech, upright conduct, harmless livelihood, perseverance in well-doing, intellectual activity, earnest thought.

47. *Stages Four:*—Professor Max Müller thus describes the effects of each stage: "Entering the first ensures freedom from sin, a knowledge of the nature of things, and leaves no desire except for Nirvâna. Pleasurable feelings and reasoning and discriminating powers remain. In the second stage, these cease, leaving satisfaction arising from intellectual perfection, which is lost in the third stage; but self-consciousness remains. In the fourth stage, this also vanishes, and Nirvâna is open. The Bûddha now enters the infinity of space, then into the infinity of intelligence, and thence into the region of nothing. But, even here, there is no rest. There is still something left, the idea of nothing in which he rejoices. That also must be destroyed, and it is destroyed in the fourth and last region, where there is complete rest undisturbed by nothing, or what is not nothing."

48. *Precepts Eight:*—These precepts are most clearly expressed in the Bûddhist Beatitudes. "Not to serve the foolish, but to serve the wise, to honor those worthy of love, this is the greatest blessing. To dwell in a pleasant land, good works done in a former birth, right desires in the heart, this is the greatest blessing. Much insight and education, self-control and pleasant speech, and whatever word be well-spoken, this is the greatest blessing. To bestow alms and live righteously, to give help to kindred, deeds which cannot be blamed, this is the greatest blessing. To support father and mother, and to cherish wife and child; to follow a peaceful calling, this is the greatest blessing. To abhor and cease from sin, abstinence from strong drink, not to be weary in well-doing, this is the greatest blessing. Reverence, lowliness, contentment, and gratitude, the hearing of the Law at due seasons, this is the greatest blessing. Beneath the stroke of life's changes, the mind that shaketh not, without grief and passion. On every side are invincible those who do acts like these, on every side they walk in safety, and this is the greatest blessing."

Whereby whoso will live—mighty or mean,
Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old—
Shall, soon or late, break from the wheels of life,
Attaining blest Nirvâna. So they came
Into the Palace-porch, Sûddhôdana
With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,
And in his own hand carrying Bûddha's bowl,
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes
Of sweet Yasôdhara and sunned her tears;
And that night entered they the Way of Peace.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

A BROAD mead spreads by swift Kôhâna's bank
At Nâgara;[1] five days shall bring a man
In ox-wain[2] thither from Bénâres' shrines
Eastward and northward journeying. The horns
Of white Himâla look upon the place,
Which all the year is glad with blooms, and girt
By groves made green from that bright streamlet's wave.
Soft are its slopes and cool its fragrant shades,
And holy all the spirit of the spot
Unto this time: the breath of eve comes hushed
Over the tangled thickets, and high heaps
Of carved red stones cloven by root and stem
Of creeping fig, and clad with waving veil
Of leaf and grass. The still snake glistens forth
From crumbled work of lac and cedar-beams
To coil his folds there on deep-graven slabs;
The lizard dwells and darts o'er painted floors
Where Kings have paced; the grey fox litters safe

1. *At Nâgara:*—A town lying about eighty miles almost directly north of Bénâres.

2. *In ox-wain:*—Sixteen miles is an average day's journey for an ox-cart.

Under the broken thrones; only the peaks,
And stream, and sloping lawns, and gentle airs
Abide unchanged. All else, like all fair shows
Of life, are fled—for this is where it stood,
The city of Sûddhôdana, the hill
Whereon, upon an eve of gold and blue,
At sinking sun Lord Bûddha set himself
To teach the Law in hearing of his own.

Lo! ye shall read it in the Sacred Books
How, being met in that glad pleasaunce-place—
A garden in old days with hanging walks,
Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep
Of stately palace-fronts—the Master sate
Eminent, worshiped, all the earnest throng
Watching the opening of his lips to learn
That wisdom which hath made our Asia mild;
Whereto four thousand crôrs[3] of living souls
Witness this day. Upon the King's right hand
He sate, and round were ranged the Sâkya Lords
Ananda, Dévadatta—all the Court:

3. *Four thousand crôrs:*—According to all authorities, a crôr is ten millions; this would bring the number of living Bûddhists to forty billions, an evident mistake. The values of weights, measures and stated quantities differ so greatly in different parts of India, that it is possible that crôr may have been used, where Mr. Arnold resided, to indicate a million, making his calculation of four hundred million living Bûddhists correct.

Behind stood Sériyût and Mûgallan, chiefs
Of the calm brethren in the yellow garb,
A goodly company. Between his knees
Rahûla smiled, with wondering childish eyes
Bent on the awful face, while at his feet
Sate sweet Yasôdhara, her heartaches gone,
Foreseeing that fair love which doth not feed
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead,
His victory and hers. Wherefore she laid
Her hand upon his hands, folding around
Her silver shoulder-cloth his yellow robe,
Nearest in all the world to him whose words
The Three Worlds waited for. I cannot tell
A small part of the splendid lore which broke
From Bûddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe
Who love the Master and his love of men,
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,
But have not wit to speak beyond the books;
And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.
A little of that large discourse I know
Which Bûddha spake on the soft Indian eve;
So, too, I know it writ that they who heard
Were more—lâkhs[4] more—crôrs more—than could be seen,

4. *Lâkhs:*—One hundred thousand.

For all the Dévas and the Dead thronged there,
Till Heaven was emptied to the seventh zone
And uttermost dark Hells opened their bars;
Also the daylight lingered past its time
In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,
So that it seemed Night listened in the glens
And Noon upon the mountains; yea! they write,
The Evening stood between them like some maid
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-rolled clouds
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who heard—
Though he were stranger in the land, or slave,
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,
Or Mléch[5] or Jungle-dweller—seemed to hear
What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside those
Who crowded by the river, great and small,
The birds and beasts and creeping things[6]—'tis writ—
Had sense of Bûddha's vast embracing love

5. *Mléch:*—A barbarian, not speaking Sanskrit, nor subject to Hindû institutions.

6. *The birds and beasts and creeping things:*—In all these listening animals were human souls in the progress of transmigration, awaiting the death of the animal, when possibly they might again

And took the promise of his piteous speech;
So that their lives—prisoned in shape of ape,
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,
Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed,
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;
Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves—
Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood
With man who hath less innocence than these,
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke
Whilst Bûddha spake these things before the King:—

OM,[7] AMITAYA![8] measure not with words
Th' Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought

---

be born in human form, and therein find Nirvâna attainable. One of the principal reasons the Hindûs give for not killing any creature, however dangerous or loathsome, is that possibly the soul of some deceased friend or relative may be in the creature's body.

7. *Om:*—This sacred syllable occupies a distinguished place among the objects of careful and special meditation. The student must devoutly repeat it again and again, and fix his mind in intensest degree upon its several meanings. The Mandûkya Upanishad declares them to be four in number. The A in it denotes Brâhmâ in the form of Vaishwanar, the human soul in its waking state. The U refers to him as Taijasa, in the state of dreaming. The M represents him as Prajna, in the state of deep sleep. The combined syllable Om, *i. e.*, AUM, denotes him at once as the Supreme invisible, blissful, without a second. The Sûtras attribute to the syllable three elements of meaning, and declare the efficacy of its repetition to depend upon the sense in which it is viewed by the devotee. "He who meditates on all three, like a serpent which casts its skin, ascends at once to

Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say nought!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,
And Brahm,[9] sole meditating in that Night:
Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there!
Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes;
Or any searcher know by mortal mind;
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
That life and death and joy and woe abide;
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,
And Being's ceaseless tide,

Which, ever changing, runs, linked like a river
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow—
The same yet not the same—from far-off fountain
To where its waters flow

Brâhmâ. After sharpening the arrow by devotion, fix to it that great weapon, the bow found in the Upanishad, and after drawing it, and carefully aiming at thy mark, pierce him, oh beloved, who is the imperishable." It is said that Om is the bow, the soul the arrow, and Brâhmâ the mark.

8. *Amitaya:*—Immeasurable.

9. *Brahm:*—See Note 19, Book the Fifth.

Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun,
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece
To trickle down the hills, and glide again;
Having no pause or peace.

This is enough to know, the phantasms are;
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them,
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem.

Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! Ask
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!
Ah! Brothers, Sisters! seek

Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruits and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.[10]

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10. *Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! Ask*
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!
Ah! Brothers, Sisters! seek

Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruits and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.

These stanzas against prayer are the saddest of all Bûddha's

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones;
Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,
Act maketh joy and woe.

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse—better—last for first and first for last:
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past:

The devils in the underworlds wear out
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by:
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

Higher than Indrâ's[11] ye may lift your lot,
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat;
The end of many myriad lives is this,
The end of myriads that.

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teachings, and that with which his followers are the least able to comply. All passions, all desires they may subdue, but ever and ever the heart seeks in prayer some light, some release. No religionists pray so much, with so many repetitions, or by so many devices of rosaries, bells, wheels, machinery, or substitutes, as the Bûddhists.

11. *Indrâ:*—See Note 18, Book the Third.

Only, while turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be;
Who mounts may fall, who falls will mount; the spokes
Go round unceasingly!

* * * * *

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

I, Bûddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves;
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
The robe of Spring it weaves;

That is its painting on the glorious clouds,
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train;
It hath its stations in the stars; its slaves
In lightning, wind, and rain.

Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,
Out of dull shells the pheasant's pencilled neck;
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness
All ancient wrath and wreck.

The grey eggs in the golden sun-bird's nest
Its treasures are, the bees' six-sided cell
Its honey-pot; the ant wots of its ways,
The white doves know them well.

It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings
What time she beareth home her prey; it sends
The she-wolf to her cubs; for unloved things
It findeth food and friends.

It is not marred nor stayed in any use,
All liketh it; the sweet white-milk it brings
To mother's breasts; it brings the white drops, too,
Wherewith the young snake stings.

The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever fetching secrets forth,
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than had been;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see:
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,
Those, too, the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Moulded blind mass to form.

It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all:
Do right—it recompenseth! do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made,
Though DHARMA[12] tarry long.

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;

12. *Dharma:*—Law, the "Power divine."

The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

* * * * *

The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum,[13] the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth;
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labour rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay

13. *Sesamum* was created on the 11th of February by Yama, the god of the lower regions, hence the day and plant are considered sacred. The oil of the sesamum seeds is very largely used in India for religious service, cooking, and lights.

His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth alway;

If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good;

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end:

He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

Unto NIRVÂNA.[14] He is one with Life,
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.

14. *Nirvâna:*—See Note 49, Book the Sixth.

OM,[15] MANÎ[16] PADMÉ,[17] ÔM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea![18]

* * * * *

This is the doctrine of the KARMA.[19] Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

Say not "I am," "I was," or "I shall be,"
Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh
Like travellers who remember and forget,
Ill-lodged or well-lodged. Fresh

Issues upon the Universe that sum
Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes
Its habitation as the worm spins silk
And dwells therein. It takes

Function and substance as the snake's egg hatched
Takes scale and fang; as feathered reed-seeds fly

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15. *Om:*—See Note 7, Book the Eighth.

16. *Manî:*—Sage.

17. *Padmé:*—Lotus or Golden Lotus.

18. ——*the Dewdrop slips*
Into the shining sea!

This is a Brâhminical, not a Bûddhist, idea of Nirvâna, and is a favorite form of expression among them. The Bûddhist phraseology is, that the soul is blown out like a lamp, or as blowing out is applied to a fire, or to a sage. (Chips from a German Workshop.)

19. *Karma:*—See Note 46, Book the Sixth.

O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find
Their marsh and multiply.

Also it issues forth to help or hurt.
When Death the bitter murderer doth smite,
Red roams the unpurged fragment of him, driven
On winds of plague and blight.

But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe;
The world grows richer, as if desert-stream
Should sink away to sparkle up again
Purer, with broader gleam;

So merit won winneth the happier age
Which by demerit halteth short of end;
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all
Before the Kalpas[20] end.

What lets?—Brothers! the Darkness lets! which breeds
Ignorance, mazed whereby ye take these shows
For true, and thirst to have, and, having, cling
To lusts which work you woes.

Ye that will tread the Middle Road, whose course
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothes
Ye who will take the high Nirvâna-way
List the Four Noble Truths.

The First Truth is of *Sorrow*. Be not mocked!
Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:

20. *Kalpas:*—See Note 70, Book the First.

Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly.

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime;
Ache of the chill grey years and choking death,
These fill your piteous time.

Sweet is fond Love, but funeral-flames must kiss
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling;
Gallant is warlike Might, but vultures pick
The joints of chief and King.

Beauteous is Earth, but all its forest-broods
Plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live;
Of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry
Famished, no drops they give.

Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,
"Liketh thee life?"—these say the babe is wise
That weepeth, being born.

The Second Truth is *Sorrow's Cause.* What grief
Springs of itself and springs not of Desire?
Senses and things perceived mingle and light
Passion's quick spark of fire:

So flameth Trishna, lust and thirst of things.
Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;

A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make
A world around which seems;

Blind to the heights beyond, deaf to the sound
Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indrâ's sky;
Dumb to the summons of the true life kept
For him who false puts by.

So grow the strifes and lusts which make earth's war,
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears;
So wax the passions, envies, angers, hates;
So years chase blood-stained years

With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow,
Spreads the birân-weed[21] with its evil root
And poisonous blossoms; hardly good seeds find
Soil where to fall and shoot;

And, drugged with poisonous drink, the soul departs,
And, fierce with thirst to drink, Karma returns;
Sense-struck again the sodden Self begins,
And new deceits it earns.

The Third is *Sorrow's Ceasing*. This is peace
To conquer love of self and lust of life,
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
To still the inward strife;

21. *Birân-weed*:—Foreign weed.

For love to clasp Eternal Beauty close;
For glory to be Lord of self; for pleasure
To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth
To lay up lasting treasure

Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.

Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased;
How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?
The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;
Thus hath a man content.

* * * * *

The Fourth Truth is *The Way.* It openeth wide,
Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,
The *Noble Eightfold Path;* it goeth straight
To peace and refuge. Hear!

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge,
With many a place of rest.

So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace;
By lower or by upper heights it goes.
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All
Will reach the sunlit snows.

The First good level is *Right Doctrine.* Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence;
In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate;
In lordship over sense.

The Second is *Right Purpose.* Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse.* Govern the lips
As they were palace-doors, the King within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behaviour.* Let each act
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow:
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be. Only those feet
May tread them which have done with earthly things,
Right Purity, *Right Thought*, *Right Loneliness*,
Right Rapture. Spread no wings

For Sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans!
Sweet is the lower air, and safe and known
The homely levels; only strong ones leave
The nest each makes his own.

Dear is the love, I know, of Wife and Child;
Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years,
Fruitful of good Life's gentle charities;
Firm-set, though false, its fears.

Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these;
Make golden stair-ways of your weakness; rise
By daily sojourn with those phantasies
To lovelier verities.

So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
Entering the Path. Who wins

To such commencement hath the *First Stage* touched,
He knows the Noble Truths, the Eightfold Road:
By few or many steps such shall attain
NIRVÂNA's blest abode.

Who standeth at the *Second Stage*, made free
From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,
Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,
Shall live but one more life.

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage:* purged and pure
Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen
To love all living things in perfect peace.
His life at end, life's prison

Is broken. Nay, there are who surely pass
Living and visible to utmost goal
By *Fourth Stage* of the Holy ones—the Bûddhs—
And they of stainless soul.

Lo! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,
Ten sins along these Stages lie in dust,
The Love of Self, False Faith, and Doubt are three,
Two more Hatred and Lust.

Who of these Five is conqueror hath trod
Three stages out of Four: yet there abide
The Love of Life on earth, Desire for Heaven,
Self-Praise, Error, and Pride.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn
Having nought o'er him but the boundless blue,
So, these sins being slain, the man is come
NIRVÂNA'S verge unto.

Him the gods envy from their lower seats;
Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake;
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;
Karma will no more make

New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;
Foregoing self, the Universe grows "I:"
If any teach NIRVÂNA is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.

If any teach NIRVÂNA is to live,
Say unto such they err;[22] not knowing this,
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,
Nor lifeless, timeless, bliss.

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22. *If any teach Nirvâna is to cease,*
Say unto such they lie.
If any teach Nirvâna is to live,
Say unto such they err.

If anyone hopes to arrive at a full understanding of this subject, let them be well forewarned of its impossibility. Mr. Hardy states that there are forty-four Bûddhist sects, each holding different views of the future. 1–16. Those who hold a future state of conscious existence, and that it is either material, immaterial, a mixed state, or neither material or immaterial; that it is either finite, indefinitely extended, a mixture of both states, or neither one nor the other; or that its perceptions are either simple, discursive, limited, unlimited, happy, miserable, mixed, or insensible. 17–24. Those who hold a future state of unconscious existence. 25–32. Those who hold a state between consciousness and unconsciousness. 33–39. Those who hold that death, at once, or ultimately, is annihilation. 40–44. Those who reason on the mode in which perfect happiness is to be obtained.

According to Bûddha, the pure unmixed truth is not to be found anywhere but in his own preaching. To other teachers the truth may appear partially; but to him alone does it appear in unshrouded clearness, and in its utmost amplitude. In him it is not acquisition gained by means of some mental process, nor is it a lesson taught by another. It is an intuitive underived power; a self-generated effulgence. By this unerring sage it is declared

Enter the path! There is no grief like Hate!
No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!
Enter the path! far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offence.

Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours!

* * * * *

More is the treasure of the Law than gems;
Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights
Delightful past compare. Thereby to live
Hear the *Five Rules* aright:—

Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

---

that none of the above opinions are consistent with the truth. And yet death is not annihilation. We exist, and we do not exist. We die, and we do not die. There will be a future state of existence, but not of the individuality that now exists; and though death is the dissolution of that which now exists, it is not annihilation of a potentiality inherent in that existence. (Manual of Bûddhism.)

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.[23]

Touch not thy neighbour's wife, neither commit
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

These words the Master spake of duties due
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends;
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break
The clinging chains of sense—whose feet are weak
To tread the higher road—should order so
This life of flesh that all their hither days
Pass blameless in discharge of charities
And first true footfalls in the Eightfold Path;
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful;
Loving all things which live even as themselves;
Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill
Wrought in the past, and what falls well of good;
And that by howsomuch the householder
Purgeth himself of self and helps the world,
By so much happier comes he to next stage,
In so much bettered being. This he spake;
As also long before, when our Lord walked
By Râjâgriha in the bambû-grove:
For on a dawn he walked there and beheld
The householder Singâla, newly bathed,

---

23. *Sôma juice:*—See Note 31, Book the Fifth.

Bowing himself with bare head to the earth,
To Heaven, and all four quarters; while he threw
Rice, red and white, from both hands.[24] "Wherefore thus
Bowest thou, Brother?" said the Lord; and he,
"It is the way, Great Sir! our fathers taught

---

24. ——*while he threw*
Rice, red and white, from both hands.

It is the duty of every Hindû householder to offer certain prayers with food and water each morning. Having bathed and put on clean clothes, he must devoutly offer libations, scattering water thrice for gods, also thrice for rishîs, progenitors, friends and relatives, and many others, accompanied by a lengthy prayer addressed to all manner of gods, men, animals, plants, "and all creatures." After this, having rinsed his mouth, he makes offerings to the sun, household gods, residents of earth, air, heaven, and hell; to parents, teachers, family, kinsmen near and remote; to the cardinal points, atmosphere, twilight, etc., etc. Then, taking other rice, let the householder at pleasure cast it upon a clean spot of ground, as an offering to all beings, repeating, with collected mind, this prayer: "May gods, men, animals, birds, saints, yakshas, serpents, demons, ghosts, goblins, trees, all that desire food given by me; may ants, worms, moths, and other insects, hungered and bound in the bonds of acts, may all obtain satisfaction from the food left them by me, and enjoy happiness; may they who have neither father nor mother, nor relations, nor food, nor means of preparing it, be satisfied and pleased with the food presented for their contentment; may all beings that are comprehended in the fourteen orders of existent things be satisfied with the food bestowed by me for their gratification, and be delighted." Having uttered this prayer, let the devout believer cast the food upon the ground for the nourishment of all kinds of beings, for the householder is thus the supporter of them all. Let him scatter food upon the ground for dogs, outcasts, birds, and all fallen and degraded persons.

At every dawn, before the toil begins,
To hold off evil from the sky above
And earth beneath, and all the winds which blow."
Then the World-honoured spake: "Scatter not rice,
But offer loving thoughts and acts to all:
To parents as the East, where rises light;
To teachers as the South, whence rich gifts come;
To wife and children as the West, where gleam
Colours of love and calm, and all days end;
To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;
To humblest living things beneath, to Saints
And Angels and the blessed Dead above:
So shall all evil be shut off, and so
The six main quarters will be safely kept."

But to his Own, Them of the yellow robe—
Those who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn
From life's low vale, and wing towards the Sun—
To these he taught the Ten Observances
The *Dasa-Sîl*,[25] and how a mendicant
Must know the *Three Doors*[26] and the *Triple Thoughts*,[27]

25. *Dasa-Sîl:*—See Note 40, Book the Sixth.

26. *Three Doors:*—There are three entrances, whence proceed that which is good, and that which is evil: 1. The body. 2. The speech. 3. The mind.

27. *Triple Thoughts:*—There are three subjects upon which the mind of the ascetic ought constantly to dwell: 1. Impermanency. 2. Sorrow. 3. Unreality.

The *Sixfold States of mind*;[28] the *Fivefold Powers*;[29]
The *Eight High Gates of Purity*;[30] the *Modes*
Of Understanding;[31] *Iddhî*;[32] *Upékshâ*;[33]
The *Five Great Meditations*,[34] which are food
Sweeter than Amrit[35] for the holy soul;
The *Jhânas*[36] and the *Three Chief Refuges*.[37]

---

28. *The Sixfold States of mind:*—1. Evil desire. 2. Anger. 3. Ignorance. 4. Purity. 5. Bôdhî. 6. Attention.

29. *Fivefold Powers:*—1. Purity. 2. Persevering action. 3 Ascertainment of truth. 4. Tranquillity. 5. Wisdom.

30. *Eight High Gates of Purity:*—1. Correct ideas upon religious subjects. 2. Correct thoughts. 3. Correct words. 4. Correct works. 5. Correct life. 6. Correct endeavors. 7. Correct judgment. 8. Correct tranquillity.

31. *Modes of Understanding:*—1. The meaning of any matter, in its separate divisions. 2. The doctrines of Bûddha. 3. The power of the Bûddhas to perceive all truth intuitively, without study, and without the teaching of another. 4. The power of the ascetics to know the roots and the properties of things.

32. *Iddhî:*—The power of working miracles.

33. *Upékshâ* is freedom from all kinds of desire.

34. *Five Great Meditations:*—1. Purity. 2. Persevering action. 3. The ascertainment of truth. 4. Tranquillity. 5. Wisdom.

35. *Amrit:*—The food of the gods that gives immortality. The lower people sometimes drink the water in which eminent Brâhmins have bathed their feet, calling it amrit.

36. *Jhânas:*—Wisdom.

37. *The Three Chief Refuges:*—1. The benefits of the world of men. 2. The enjoyment of the dêwa and brâhmâ-lôkas. 3. Nirvâna.

Also he taught his Own how they should dwell;
How live, free from the snares of love and wealth;
What eat and drink and carry—three plain cloths,—
Yellow, of stitched stuff, worn with shoulder bare—
A girdle, almsbowl, strainer.[38] Thus he laid
The great foundations of our Sangha[39] well,
That noble Order of the Yellow Robe
Which to this day standeth to help the World.

So all that night he spake, teaching the Law;
And on no eyes fell sleep—for they who heard
Rejoiced with tireless joy. Also the King,
When this was finished, rose upon his throne
And with bared feet bowed low before his Son
Kissing his hem; and said, "Take me, O Son!
Lowest and least of all thy Company."
And sweet Yasôdhara, all happy now,—
Cried "Give to Rahûla—thou Blessed One!
The Treasure of the Kingdom of thy Word
For his inheritance." Thus passed these Three
Into the Path.

Here endeth what I write
Who love the Master for his love of us.

---

38. *Strainer:*—A thin piece of cloth for straining water before it is drank. Some sects in India, particularly the Jains, still use a strainer, lest unknowingly they should swallow some insect, and thus take life. The mysteries revealed to them by the microscope amaze and perplex them greatly.

39. *Sangha:*—Society or community.

A little knowing, little have I told
Touching the Teacher and the Ways of Peace.
Forty-five rains thereafter showed he those
In many lands and many tongues, and gave
Our Asia Light, that still is beautiful,
Conquering the world with spirit of strong grace:
All which is written in the holy Books,
And where he passed, and what proud Emperors
Carved his sweet words upon the rocks and caves:
And how—in fulness of the times—it fell
The Bûddha died, the great Tathâgatô,[40]
Even as a man 'mongst men, fulfilling all:
And how a thousand thousand lâkhs since then
Have trod the Path which leads whither he went
Unto NIRVÂNA, where the Silence lives.

AH! BLESSED LORD! OH, HIGH DELIVERER!
FORGIVE THIS FEEBLE SCRIPT, WHICH DOTH THEE WRONG,
MEASURING WITH LITTLE WIT THY LOFTY LOVE.
AH! LOVER! BROTHER! GUIDE! LAMP OF THE LAW!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY NAME AND THEE!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY LAW OF GOOD!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY ORDER! *ÖM!*
THE DEW IS ON THE LOTUS!—RISE, GREAT SUN!
AND LIFT MY LEAF AND MIX ME WITH THE WAVE.

40. *Tathâgatô:*—Teacher.

ÖM MANÎ PADMÉ HÛM,[41] THE SUNRISE COMES!
THE DEWDROP SLIPS INTO THE SHINING SEA!

---

41. *Om manî padmé hûm* is generally translated, "Glory to the Lotus-bearer, Hûm." Hûm is not here used with its original Sanskrit meaning, but has come to be used in the sense of praise. Among some of the Bûddhists, the ascription is understood as "Om praise to the Golden Lotus Saint."

THE END.

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